Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

OCTOBER

Meet Blondie
Radio's Newest Hit

Special!
Complete Words and Music of Johnny Green's Newest Hit Tune in This Issue

Beginning **WOMAN IN LOVE** by **KATHLEEN NORRIS**
Read Radio's Enthralling Novel of Lost Innocence

WIFE AGAINST MOTHER The Story of a Forbidden Marriage told by the Woman in White

FROM
16 to 60
IT'S EASY TO HAVE Beautiful Eyes
Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive — your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.
First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.
At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.
Maybelline
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, and Blue.
Maybelline
Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades — Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
"Maybelline" EYEBROW PENCIL
Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

ROUGH COPY

Sleeveless tennis dress of white piqué with zipper closing and brief, contrasting bolero.

Her trim tennis dress first drew his eye but it was her smile that won him completely!

Your smile is your own priceless possession! Guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Don't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage helps to promote healthier gums, brighter smiles!

A "LITTLE GIRL" tennis dress, snowy-white against sun-bronzed skin, can stop almost any man's glance. But it takes a bright and sunny smile to hold him for keeps!

Not even perfect style sense can win for the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush." For a dull, pathetic smile soon discounts other charms.

Avoid this tragic neglect. Remember no other aid to charm is more important than care of your teeth and gums. For on them depends the beauty of your smile.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If *your* tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to *see your dentist at once!* It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for *that*. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in lazy, weakened gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much Ipana and massage can help you to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a lovely, winning smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

OCTOBER, 1939

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 12 No. 6

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

A lot of radio fans have been moaning because favorites are being taken off the air for their annual summer vacation. I, for one, think this annual summer lay-off is a good thing.

First, it is a good avoider of monotony—Jack Benny's feud with Fred Allen has a fresher sound after a few months' rest.

Second, the summer lay-off of the stars gives unknowns and beginners the well-earned chance they otherwise wouldn't have if the stars were hogging the airlanes the year 'round.

So, thanks to summer for bringing new programs and stars.

JOHN C. TREUDEN,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

SECOND PRIZE
ALL ALONE!

After the children were married, my father and mother moved to a little farm by themselves. I was feeling so sorry for them because I thought they would be lonely after living in town so long.

I visited home and was really surprised at the happiness they got out of life—thanks to radio.

In the evening when all the work is done, they sit in their comfortable chairs, mother knitting, listening to their favorite radio programs. They are as well informed of world events as anyone living in the city. So they really haven't changed, only they are getting old and enjoy staying at home.

What a blessing for people who stay at home to have such a wonderful, priceless gift, as a radio.

MRS. N. R. TAYLOR,
Dickinson, Texas

(*Continued on page* 78)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00

Second Prize ..... $ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Sept. 27, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE

For Sanitary Napkins
More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

HOLLYWOOD
RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

The Jon Halls (she's Frances Langford), launch their new boat.

She's christened the "Moonglow," and there he goes for the test.

Above, the hatch into the galley; below, all set for the first sail.

Photos by Fink

IS IT going to be the altar for John Conte, handsome radio announcer, and Ann (OOMPH) Sheridan? It would seem so to me judging from the fact that John has been Ann's exclusive boy friend for two months, and they are seen together frequently at Hollywood's nightspots. And just a short time ago, John was pinch-hitting for Tony Martin by squiring Alice Faye places in Tony's absence.

* * *

The Voice of Experience (Dr. M. Sayle Taylor) came to Hollywood this summer with no fanfare, and leased most of an entire floor in one of the office buildings near Hollywood and Vine. His office has no number on it and his telephone number is guarded with deep, dark secrecy, because the airlane veteran doesn't want to be bothered by those seeking charity. He dispenses thousands of dollars but wants to do it in his own way. "The Voice" will broadcast from Hollywood's KHJ over Mutual this fall.

* * *

Harry Kronman, author of most of the Big Town scripts, will take his romantic troubles to a preacher, this September: the lucky girl is Gladys Taylor—a non professional!

* * *

Edward G. Robinson and his wife are en route from the Continent, where they vacationed between pictures and radio broadcasts. Eddie returns to Big Town September 19th!

* * *

Martha Raye passed up a vacation this summer to sing with hubby Dave Rose's orchestra at Billy Rose's original Casa Manana, Fort Worth, Texas. They'll visit with Elliott Roosevelt while in Fort Worth and make guest appearances over Elliott's own Texas State Network!

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Gill and Demling, comics on the Joe E. Brown show, are writing a Broadway play, which will star Brown and the comics, too!

(*Continued on page* 68)

There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive

. . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.

Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.

Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS *CAN'T* FORGIVE THAT

***Carelessness** about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this *one neglect!*

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy. . ."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . ."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. R.M.-910, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or $1.00. "*Air-Spun*" *Rouge* in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

Abbott and Costello, the mad comedy stars of Kate Smith's show, celebrate ten years of theatrical partnership as well as wedded happiness—Mr. and Mrs. Lou Costello (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Bud Abbott (right).

EDGAR BERGEN isn't going to like this, but here's how you can tell whether you are looking at the real Charlie McCarthy or a substitute Charlie. (That is, assuming you're ever lucky enough to get a good look at either of them.) The substitute Charlie, carved since the little man became a national institution, needs a haircut badly. His hair where it shows under his silk hat is bunchy and ragged; the number-one Charlie's is neat and smoothly clipped. Also, number-two Charlie has a nail in his right temple. You can just see it, nestling in the hair, if you look closely.

* * *

That was a pretty nice present Bob Hope's sponsor gave him, along with a contract renewal that brings the Hope antics back to the air on NBC for another year. When the sponsor found out Bob didn't know exactly what he'd do for a vacation, he handed the comedian round-trip tickets to Europe, first-class, for himself and Mrs. Hope—plus a letter of credit for $2,500 to cover expenses. Mr. Sponsor must agree with a few million radio fans that Bob did a wonderful job last season.

* * *

Did you know that when Don Ameche sings he has more than a little difficulty in keeping his voice on key? That's the reason a violinist from the orchestra always stands right next to him during his solos, playing the melody into Don's ear. He even goes along if Don does a broadcast or two in New York.

* * *

Jim McWilliams, who used to sail an eight-dollar catboat on Lake Erie when he was a small boy, has just paid about $62 a foot for a new and ultra-seaworthy fishing boat for use in the waters of Chesapeake Bay, near his Virginia Beach home. He's named it the C-A-I-B—for Colgate's Ask It Basket.

An airplane fight caused a traffic jam one hot summer day at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street in New York. From overhead, in the bright summer sky, came all the sounds of a big dog-fight in the air—planes zooming and roaring, machine-guns rat-a-tatting, crashes, whines. But not a plane was in sight. When traffic was nicely jammed up, the noises stopped. It was only the CBS sound-effects department, on the third floor of the building there, trying out a new record of an airplane fight, and leaving all its windows open because of the heat—quite unaware of the havoc it was causing.

* * *

John Hix was caught once—but now he spares no expense in checking the accuracy of every statement he makes on his Strange as It Seems program, the new show Thursday nights on CBS. In the early days of his career, he used the tale of a marvelous homing pigeon. Seems that this pigeon, a resident of Baltimore, was released in Minneapolis during a storm, and that the storm blew its feathers off. Weeks and weeks later, it turned up in its Baltimore loft, undaunted—but with calluses on both feet. Since he published that remarkable story as a fact, John has learned to be more skeptical.

* * *

Now that Bing Crosby's vacation is about over, his pet Irish setter is soon going to have a chance to show off his favorite trick again. Every Thursday night, while Bing is on the air, the setter stays quietly in the house, listening. The minute the broadcast is over, the dog whips out of the house and goes to the garage. He recognizes his master's singing and talking voice, and knows that a few minutes after the radio is switched off Bing's car will drive up to the garage. The dog's always there, waiting.

By DAN SENSENEY

Jackie Cooper has grown up, and proof of that is the presence in the radio studio, whenever he does a broadcast, of several of his pals. "Until I grew up," Jackie explains, "I couldn't invite any of my friends to a broadcast because they'd wave their arms at me while I was reading dramatic lines. Or they'd throw spitballs or talk out loud. Now we've all grown up and they don't do that any more."

* * *

James Melton didn't object to having everyone know that he collects old automobiles as a hobby, because he thought the publicity might help to find a few choice specimens, but now he's beginning to wonder if it was a good idea after all. Two young owners of an antique Model T Ford drove up to his home recently when Melton wasn't there, and while they waited for him to return they went into his garage to inspect the collection. They had a pretty good time, too, trying out all the springs and horns (and breaking one horn), knocking tools off shelves, and leaving the hoods up on most of the cars. When Jimmy showed up, walking right into the midst of the mess they'd made, they were surprised because he was in no mood to buy their car from them.

* * *

Lawrence Tibbett always stands on his head before a broadcast. So does Robert Regent, who plays Peter Bradford in The Life and Love of Dr. Susan, the CBS serial. Seems it's part of Yogi practice, and produces mental health and physical poise.

Movie star Johnny Mack Brown is on CBS' Under Western Skies.

Vincent Lopez, the orchestra leader, did his best to cool off people during the summer months. He played swing arrangements of Alaskan Indian rhythms. Most popular of the new dance tunes from up north is the "Ice Worm Wiggle," or "Ku Tu Wu Yeh, Cheechakos."

* * *

Joan Tompkins, young ingenue on the CBS serial, Your Family and Mine, is making a terrible prediction. She says that television make-up will be all the rage with the girls this fall —and if she's right, every man in the country is due for a shock. Television make-up is copper colored, and people who wear it look like Indians.

* * *

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—He gives thousands of Bibles away, receives as many as 1200 fan letters in a single day, has no sponsor, and doesn't make a cent of money out of his program.

This unique radio star is Uncle Mac of Station KLRA at Little Rock, who in private life is the Rev. James MacKrell, pastor of All Souls Church at Scott, a suburb of Little Rock. He is thirty-six years old, married, the father of three children, and he quit a hundred-dollar-a-week commercial job to found the Bible Lover's Revival, heard every day on KLRA at 6:30 A. M. His salary as pastor of the church is $100 a month, and he does not retain a cent of the $2,000 it costs every month to run his program.

The purpose of the broadcast is to encourage Bible reading and to furnish free Bibles to anyone not financially able to purchase one. Recently Mac mailed out 350 Bibles in one day, to persons in thirty-six states.

Uncle Mac was born in a poor district of Houston, Texas, and for the first fourteen years of his life saw the underprivileged side of existence exclusively. Then his family moved to the boom oilfield town of Goose Creek, where life was wild and unrestrained and lawless. He entered the ministry at twenty, serving student pastorates while taking a correspondence course in theology.

Five years later, though, he quit the ministry and became an announcer in radio. It was after he became suc-

(*Continued on page* 8)

Fresh charm, new beauty — can come with a Lovelier Skin!

READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:

Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!

Weehawken, N. J. (*Signed*) MARGARET CONNORS
April 28, 1939 (*Mrs. Vincent J. Connors*)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely . . . yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle care! *For your beauty bath, too,* you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your OPPORTUNITY of 1939

$25,000.00

TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

Three Special $1,000 Bonus Prizes

During the three months beginning September 1 and ending November 29, 1939, fifty men and women are going to be made richer to the extent of fifty big cash prizes ranging from $250 up to $2500 in the great true story manuscript contest now being conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

In addition there will be three special bonus prizes of $1,000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in each of the three months of the contest term.

Here is opportunity indeed for you personally. It would be a great pity not to take advantage of it. Somewhere in your memory may be waiting the very story necessary to capture the big $2500 first prize which with the $1,000 bonus prize that goes with it automatically would net you $3500 just for putting into words something that already exists in your mind. By all means start writing it today. **Even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate provided we can use it.**

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly and above all do not refrain from writing your story for fear you lack the necessary skill. A large percentage of the nearly $600,000 we have already paid out in prize awards for true stories went to persons having no trained literary ability.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how skillfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the great $2500 first prize, to the second best will be awarded the $1500 second prize, etc.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. Remember, an early mailing may be worth a $1,000 bonus prize to you regardless of any other prize your story may receive. Also, by mailing early you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

COUPON

RM-10

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

PRIZE SCHEDULE

1st Prize	$2500.00
2nd Prize	1500.00
3rd Prize—3 at $1000 each	3000.00
4th Prize—15 at $500 each	7500.00
5th Prize—30 at $250 each	7500.00
50 Regular Prizes	$22,000.00
3 Bonus Prizes of $1000 each	3,000.00
Total	$25,000.00

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE *TITLE* AND THE *NUMBER* OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unaccepted stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. ***If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.*** We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Wednesday, November 29, 1939.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 7)

cessful in this profession that he gave it up and returned once more to the church.

In spite of the very early hour that his program is on the air, it is one of the most famous in the southwest. Once each year listeners come together in Little Rock for a rally. They come not only from Arkansas but from all sections of the United States to the big brick tabernacle of the Central Baptist Church, in crowds that rival those at a football game or a Hollywood premiere.

* * *

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—It was an influenza epidemic that brought Colonel Jim Healey to radio—the luckiest influenza epidemic in the world, as far as he was concerned, because now he is the newscaster of WGY, Schnectady, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:30, sponsored by an oil company.

Back in 1930 Colonel Jim was Sunday editor of the Albany Times-Union. The paper had a news spot on WGY, and when the epidemic sent both regular broadcasters to their beds, the managing editor asked Colonel Jim to fill in for them.

Healey happened to have ideas of his own about news broadcasts. He felt that the bare bulletins should be interpreted and interspersed with philosophy, opinion, comment and even poetry. Interpretation of news bulletins is generally practiced nowadays, by all our famous commentators, but then it was a new idea, and when Colonel Jim started doing it, listeners approved at once. Within two months the editor-commentator-philosopher had a commercial program. In 1933 he was hired by his present sponsor.

Colonel Jim was born in Albany in 1894 and attended Christian Brothers' Academy and Manhattan College. During the World War he served as sergeant-major, and then returned to take up newspaper work. He's still a reporter at heart, but his radio programs and the speaking engagements to which they have led have forced him to retire from active newspaper work.

* * *

CINCINNATI—If listeners are still on the lookout for new variations on the quiz program idea, they ought to tune in two of WSAI's shows. One comes from the dance floor of the Old Vienna Restaurant in Carew Tower, and the other from various Greater Cincinnati neighborhood theater lobbies.

Bandstand Baseball is the one from the dance floor. A baseball diamond is laid out on the floor, with the microphone at home plate. Contestants step up to the mike to answer questions about baseball, asked in musical fashion by the band. The questions are rated singles, doubles, triples and home runs, according to their difficulty, and an announcer describes the activities in play-by-play manner, as if he were announcing an actual diamond battle.

When a contestant answers a question correctly, the announcer shouts the number of bases he gets, and the player runs to the proper base and stands there while another member of his team takes a turn at the microphone. A "hit" by the next player advances the first one a base, just as in ordinary baseball. Each team has

(*Continued on page* 78)

Farmers' Friend

WHEN Ed Mason, WLW's farm specialist, left a small station in Missouri last November to join the staff of the Nation's Station in Cincinnati, he regretted leaving behind so many friendly people, and shed an honest tear at having to give away Red and Rowdy, "the two best coon dogs in the Ozarks." It's this same sincerity, remaining with him in Cincinnati, that has made him WLW's ace reporter of anything that has to do with farms or farming.

Ed was born on a farm and almost all his life has been a farmer. He talks the farmer's language, knows the farmer's problems, and thinks the same way a farmer does.

He was born in Ringgold County in southern Iowa twenty-eight years ago, and attended a rural school two miles away from his home, walking down the dirt road night and morning like the farm boy in picture books. The high school was eight miles away, and when he entered it he rode horseback to and from his studies. During the summers and after hours on school days he worked on his father's farm along with the hired men.

Somehow, though, he found time to take part in lots of school activities—debating, dramatics, track and basketball and football. It was football that started him on the road to radio, for in one game he received a severe leg injury that kept him out of school for more than a year, and during his convalescence he began listening to radio and studying Iowa farm problems. It occurred to him that one way to solve the problems was by using radio to disseminate information and education.

He's WLW's rural reporter—Ed Mason, farm specialist.

Later, he graduated from the University of Iowa, where he'd been a writer and farm editor for station WSUI, on the University campus. In 1937 he joined KFRU, Columbia, Missouri, specializing in all farm broadcasts, and then went to WLW.

Among his many broadcasts at WLW are Everybody's Farm every Saturday morning; Truly American, which he writes; the six-weekly three-hour Top o' the Morning programs, on which he is the commercial announcer; and the two-hour stage and radio show, Boone County Jamboree, which he writes and produces; as well as numerous special events. Listeners coast-to-coast heard him this summer when the sudden and disastrous flood hit Morehead, Kentucky, and WLW sent him there to bring out the first radio story of what had happened.

ANOTHER of his programs, just recently started, is the R.F.D. Mailbox, heard every day except Sunday at 7:15 in the evening. It's a news program especially for farmers, made up of letters Ed receives from fans which tell him of soil, crop and general farm conditions in different localities.

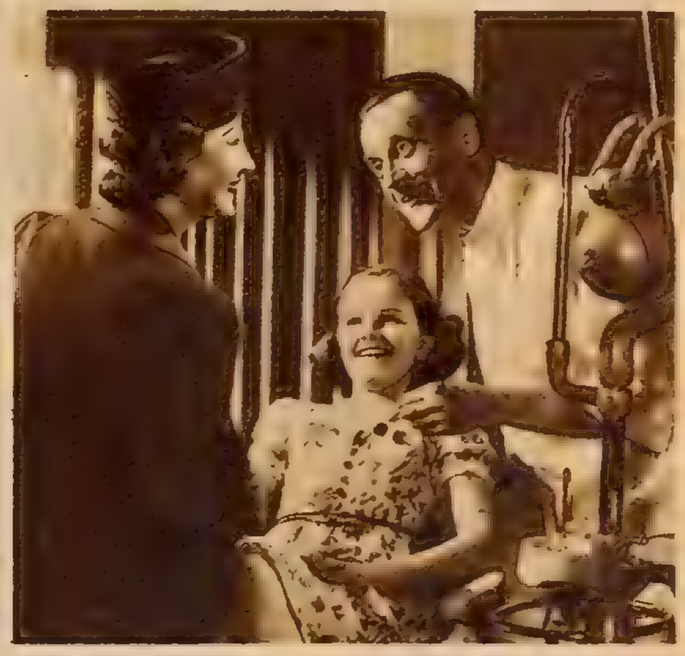
Ed's greatest ambition, like that of most radio stars, is to own and live on a farm, and work quietly in the out-of-doors. His reason, however, is different from most—he wants to go back to farming in order to get more first-hand material for his broadcasts.

When Ed has a day off he likes to go hunting or fishing. But when he does, it's always in farm country where he can lean on the fence and talk to the man who owns the land.

What they say about that small miracle LUSTER-FOAM* in the New LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

ADA: "You look almost ecstatic."
ANN: "I am. This new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam is simply thrilling."

JANE: "Quit smoking, Jim? Your teeth look so bright!"
JIM: "No. Just that new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Sure gets after fresh stains."



MOTHER: "No serious cavities? Do you suppose Luster-Foam in the new Listerine Tooth Paste has something to do with it?"
DENTIST: "It's a fine dentifrice, Mrs. Jenkins."

MAN: "Am I crazy or are we spending less money for tooth paste?"
WIFE: "Less, my dear. That new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam goes so far! It's simply amazing."

***Energizing agent gives a dainty "bubble bath" for cleansing teeth a new thrilling way**

The new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent looks no different. But, when it comes in contact with saliva and brush, what a miracle of cleansing takes place!

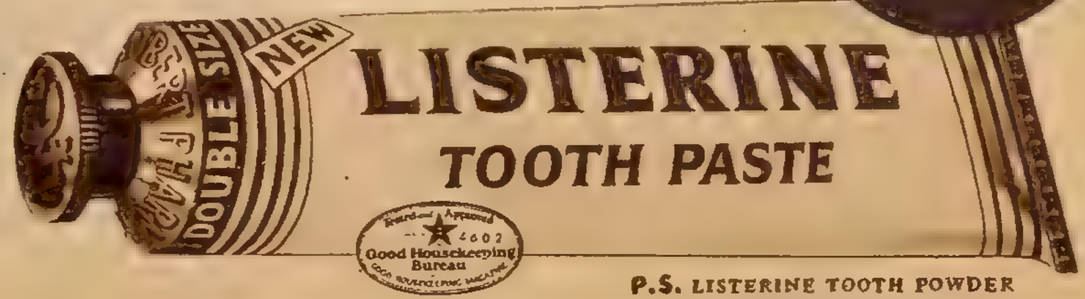
That magic Luster-Foam detergent forms into a dainty aromatic "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) of amazing penetrating power. Hence its super-cleansing ability.

How important this is when some authorities say more than 75% of all decay starts in remote and hard-to-reach areas . . . between the teeth . . . on front and back of the teeth . . . on the bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks and fissures.

And what a wonderful feeling of stimulation follows the Luster-Foam "bubble bath." Your mouth feels clean and fresh for a long time.

Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. In two big economical sizes.

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢ Regular size tube 25¢



P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM

In the midst of the swing craze, Sammy Kaye stuck to sweet music—and prospered. Above, reading downward, the band, Sammy Kaye himself, and The Three Barons, vocalists—Charlie Wilson, Tommy Ryan and Jimmy Brown.

FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN

THE Johnny Green blessed event should have arrived by the time you read this. Johnny's wife is the former Betty Furness, movie siren.

* * *

Flushed with his success as a band-leader on the Phil Baker CBS series, chorus-master Lyn Murray will play a series of one-nighters in September. Murray replaced Harry Salter on the Baker broadcasts. The latter had other commitments.

* * *

Al Kavelin, who turned up with a bright idea in musical effects known as "Cascading Chords," was signatured to a 10-year managerial contract by the Music Corporation of America.

* * *

Horace Heidt settled $25,000 on his ex-wife in a recent Renovation.

* * *

Gray Gordon, now playing via NBC from the Westchester Country Club, will be heard commercially this fall on electrical transcriptions.

* * *

Ruby Newman who has played at more White House receptions than any other batoneer, including the Roosevelt-Clark and Roosevelt-Cushing nuptials, says that President Roosevelt's favorite tunes are "Home on the Range," "Yellow Rose of Texas," and "Boots and Saddles." Jimmy Roosevelt's favorite is "Why

(*Continued on page* 75)

NEW, SCIENTIFIC

DANDRUFF TREATMENT

A NATION-WIDE SUCCESS!

Enthusiastic letters received from all parts of the country describing quick results . . .

"UNTIL I TRIED LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC I wouldn't have believed there was anything that would really get rid of dandruff."
Mr. Jack Carletto, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"THANKS A MILLION FOR LISTERINE! It is the only dandruff treatment for me from now on."
Mrs. G. A. Marion, Mt. Airy, N. C.

"I BEGAN USING LISTERINE a few weeks ago. Now, with continued daily applications, I am absolutely free from dandruff."
Mr. Elmo Howell, Bexar, Ala.

"ALL I CAN SAY IS, you have underestimated the wonderful effects of Listerine Antiseptic. In a short time my husband was relieved of his dandruff and is his cheerful self again."
Mrs. R. Swanson, Chicago, Ill.

Easy, delightful home treatment cleaned up symptoms in 3 to 4 weeks in many cases.

If remedy after remedy has failed to give you real relief from ugly, itching dandruff . . . *do not be discouraged.* The most pleasant, stimulating dandruff treatment you have ever tried—Listerine Antiseptic and massage—is now a *proven* success as shown by test after test . . . and countless letters from all parts of the country corroborate its brilliant results.

Kills the Dandruff Germ

Recently, the most intensive dandruff research ever undertaken brought to light a startling fact . . . dandruff is a *germ* affliction. It is caused by the tiny "bottle-bacillus," Pityrosporum ovale. *And Listerine Antiseptic kills this stubborn germ!*

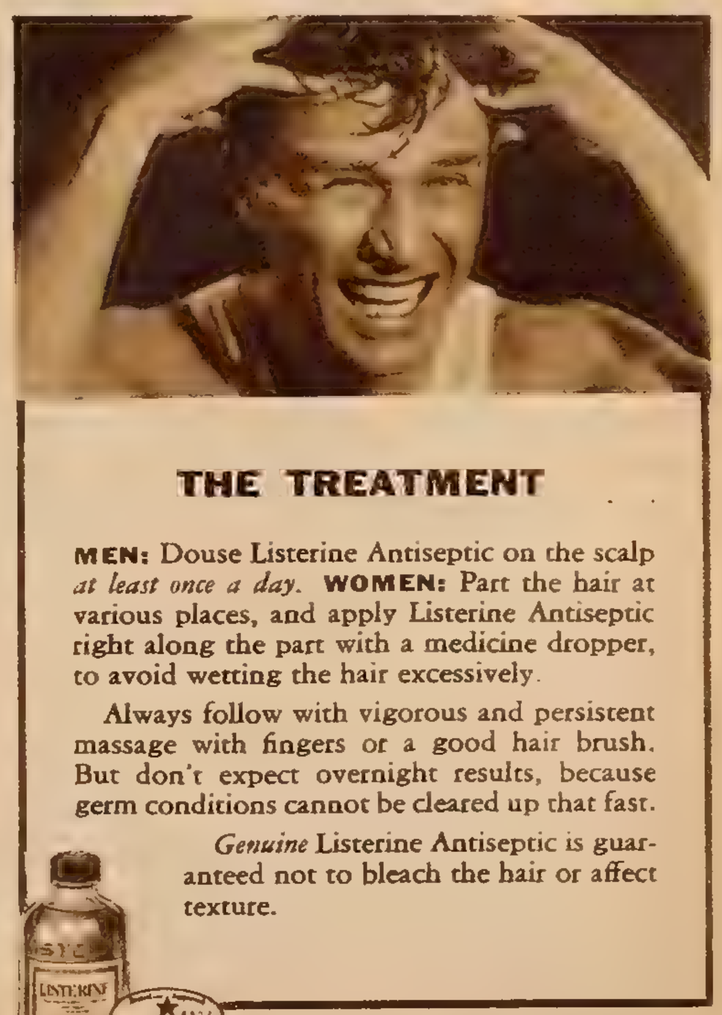
Time and again, in laboratory and clinic, Listerine has shown a positive record of dandruff control. It has killed Pityrosporum ovale in laboratory cultures . . . it has banished dandruff symptoms in clinical tests on human beings.

In one typical test, 76% of a group at a New Jersey clinic who were told to use the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice daily showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a single month.

Don't Delay

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, don't wait until it assumes serious proportions. Start today with Listerine Antiseptic . . . the same Listerine you keep on hand as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle. Feel the invigorating tingle as you massage . . . as Listerine Antiseptic strikes at the seat of the trouble, *the germ itself.* And even after dandruff may be gone, enjoy an occasional treatment to guard against possible infection.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE

The safe Antiseptic

Woman in Love

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Beginning..an enthralling novel of lost innocence

Illustrations by Carl Mueller

Copyright 1934, 1935 by Kathleen Norris.

PART I.

DID Mother Laurence send for you yesterday and go into her specialty dance about being a good, true, fine woman worthy of Saint Bride's?" Pauline van der Venter asked suddenly. Tamara Todhunter only laughed a little shocked laugh, but Helena Frost answered carelessly:

"She talks that way to all the graduates, doesn't she? I imagine she always does. Yes, she gave me quite a little monologue."

"Oh, now, no fair! I like Mother Laurence," Tamara said suddenly and shyly. "She was awfully sweet to me all the time I was at Saint Bride's."

"I can't stand the woman!" Helena said, in her negligent, superior way. She stifled a yawn. "I always hated her," she said, the words stopping another yawn. "How long were you at Hell Hole, Tamara?"

"Five years. My mother brought me there when my father died, and I've been there ever since."

"Vacations and all?" Helena asked.

"Well, all except one. My Aunt Tamara was at Lake Louise that year, and I went there to be with her."

"The only Tamara I know is some actress named Tamara Townsend," Helena said.

"That's Tam's aunt; didn't you know that?" Pauline asked.

"No! Is that so?" The splendid Helena was interested for a moment. "Didn't she—" she hesitated —"didn't she die?" she asked, in a lower tone.

"Last year, yes. She was killed in a motor accident in Florida."

"What was her big play, now?"

"'The True Lie.' It played a whole year in New York, and Aunt Tee—we called her Aunt Tee—had gone down to Florida in January for a rest, and was killed."

"Your mother's an actress, too," Pauline encouraged Tamara.

"Well," Tamara said hesitatingly, "Mother was. But I don't believe she's been acting lately. She—she keeps house for my brother and sister; they're both on the stage."

"Your brother and sister are?" Helena demanded, surprised.

■ At last, radio brings listeners the works of America's favorite writer! Here, in its original novel form, is the story now on the air—the drama of convent-bred Tamara, rudely thrust into the bitter world of reality

■ "With your face, you'd be wonderful in pictures," Mayne Mallory told Tamara.

Originally published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

"Lance and Coral, yes. They may not," Tamara added, in strict honesty, "they may not be acting now, but they're both actors."

"Like the Barrymore family," Helena said, in admiration.

"Not exactly. At least we're not at the top," Tamara explained honestly, with a fine wrinkle between the dark clear wings of her eyebrows. "But the whole family's been in the profession, always, I guess. My aunt, and my father—my father was Billy Todhunter—"

"Where does your mother live, Tamara?" Helena asked.

"I don't know San Francisco at all, I've never seen their apartment," Tamara said. "But I know the number—two twenty-two Turk Street."

Helena laughed.

"Oh, no, you don't know the number, my dear!" she said lightly. "That isn't it; nobody lives 'way down on Turk Street, except perhaps people who aren't anybody!" Helena said. "You've got that wrong. Are you going on the stage too, Tamara?" she asked.

"I think my mother rather expects me to. But Mother Laurence said she earnestly advised me not to, and that she was praying for me not to, and that it was a terrible life for a girl," Tamara explained, in her soft reedy voice that had so many notes of appeal and indecision in it.

In her pleated white skirt, bluejacket's blouse, and flying silk scarf, Tamara Todhunter had been conspicuously the beauty of Saint Bride's; she would be conspicuously the beauty wherever she went. Just as Helena's blue and gold and scarlet coloring did not add up into loveliness, so Tamara's mysteriously did; her purple eyes were deeply set, her wide mouth showed fine big square teeth when she smiled, and when she brushed the dark gold of her loosely waved hair severely from her low forehead, as she had done in the dusty, weary heat of the Seattle to San Francisco train this afternoon, she wore an air of freshness and sweetness like that of a baby.

The train had left Benicia behind now, and was running southwest. Villages were thickening on both sides; in the shabby late afternoon light everything looked rather gray and ugly. They were passing bay-windowed cottages with radio antennae on their roofs; apartment houses set at odd angles against empty lots between straggling, advertisement-plastered fences; boys were screaming like wild birds as they swooped about corners. A hot sun was setting off toward the hazy

west; it glittered in the windows of a thousand modest homes on the rising hills behind Berkeley; it spilled through the low branches of oaks like poured fire.

Oakland, and good-byes to Helena. On the boat there was another parting, this one almost without words. Tamara was looking for Lance, and Pauline was absorbed by an elderly woman and a handsome little boy of ten, who carried her off upstairs. There was no Lance to be found. Tamara felt somehow a little chilled, although of course her brother would meet her at the San Francisco ferry after the twenty-minute trip. She hadn't seen him for five years. Would she know him?

GULLS circled the boat; other boats came and went with toots and whistles; the gray waters of the bay were moving in briskly from the Gate, and when the *Piedmont* finally made her pier, waves churned busily among the rocking piles and washed with noisy slaps against her hull.

The lean boy in the slouched felt hat was Lance. Tamara knew him at once, surrendered her baggage and herself to him, and gave him a kiss. They made their way through the surging crowds at the ferry to a taxi, and Lance gave the street number: "Two two two Turk." She had been right after all, and Helena wrong, and Helena had lived all her life in San Francisco, Tamara thought amusedly.

"How's Mother?"

"She's fine. She said to tell you she'd have come if she hadn't had a cold."

"Oh, I'm sorry she has a cold."

"Oh, 'snothing," Lance said. Tamara had felt her heart sink a little, chill a little, upon first finding him, she could not quite think why, or would not think why. Now she asked herself if he had said "'Tisn't nothing." But no, Lance wouldn't say that.

"Coral home?"

"Sure; where would she be?" Lance needed a shave; that was it. That was partly it, anyway. And his clothes needed pressing; that was partly it, too. And his hair looked rather long and straggly; perhaps he was playing a poet's part or something.

"Are you working, Lance?"

"Hell, no," he said mildly enough, but Tamara winced at the unfamiliar word. "Nobody's workin'," Lance added, and there was no mistake about it this time, he distinctly dropped the final *g*. "They say there are seven thousand actors—darn good troupers, too—walkin' up and down Broadway lookin' for jobs, and askin' their friends for a dime to buy a sandwich," he said.

"That's awful. I know things are bad there."

"They ain't as bad as they are here," Lance said morosely. "Well, what do you think of the city? Some city!"

Tamara did not answer at once. She was studying the great gore of Market Street as they drove along: handsome big buildings, handsome big shops; everyone going home at this hour; motorcars moving toward the ferry in streams, and the pink fog coming down over the steep, strange hills and dropping soft veils over the roofs.

They turned into one of the gores that ran at a northwest angle from Market Street, and stopped in a horrid neighborhood of shabby hotel doorways, garages, candy and delicatessen shops, cigarette and fruit stands. The sidewalks were full of people. For a moment Tamara's heart failed her.

"Is this it?"

"Sure. It's the fifth floor, Apartment Five B," Lance said. "You work the elevator yourself. Tell Ma I'll be home for dinner, late. Listen, Tam, got any money?"

She opened her purse willingly enough; she could even manage a faint maternal smile. But her soul was sick within her. Lance picked the only large bill from the little sheaf she produced.

"Can you let me have a twenty until tomorrow night? Honest, can you? . . . Say, you're keen, Tam. All right, see you in the movies! Wait a minute, I'll put these in the elevator for you."

Tamara had worked automatic elevators at school; she pressed number five with a firm gloved thumb. Once she swallowed deliberately and felt the swallow, somehow, tingle in her eyes, but she was smiling when she stumbled through a dark upper hallway and rang the buzzer to apartment number Five B. She could hear voices all about, and something sizzling and steaming; the thick close air was scented with dust and the odor of frying onions, carbolic acid and old carpets, and wash-day operations in laundry tubs. She was home.

"That you, Tam?" called a voice she knew from behind the door. "It's open, honey!"

Tamara went into a small sitting-room that had two draped and curtained windows looking into Turk Street. Through the dirty glass and looped lace, and past the chenille fringes, sunset light was streaming. There was no fog yet this far uptown; every ugly detail of the ugly room was illuminated by the hardest and least merciful light it ever knew.

Tamara set down her bags, went to the couch, sank down beside it and took her mother into her arms. After their kiss they looked at each other. The girl had an impression of uncorseted softness, perfume, hair artificially reddened and curled into a mop beneath which the graying straight wisps were protruding, powdered face, loose painted mouth, magnificent eyes filled with laughter, amusement, affection, and welcome, and pudgy soft small hands whose nails were painted dark red.

HER mother wore a colorless nondescript garment that had perhaps once been a nightgown of peach satin, with bows on the shoulders and lace at the breast. Over this was a draggled thin silk kimono of a creamy ground splashed with great red poppies and black daggers. She lay in innumerable cushions, all limp and dirty; satin pillows, baby pillows showing faintly pink and blue under soiled linen cases, velvet pillows. Beside these on the couch was a once-elegant cover of pale green satin, and a woolly Canadian plaid.

"Lance meet you, lover?" Mrs. Todhunter said.

They exchanged brevities. Had the graduation been lovely? And had the trip been hot? And how was Coral?

At last Tamara asked, "where do I sleep, Mother? I'll take my things in and get unpacked."

"In the back room, lover. You can have the lounge, or you can double up with Coral. Lance sleeps on this."

Tamara went into the bedroom; there were three rooms in the apartment, unless one counted the dining alcove that occupied one side

Over a local station, "Woman in Love" is already being broadcast as a daily serial, and preparations are now being made to put another of Kathleen Norris' popular novels on a network from coast to coast during the fall and winter months. For all those who aren't fortunate enough to hear the current broadcasts, Radio Mirror is happy to present the original novel by Mrs. Norris, in serial form.

of the kitchen as a separate room. There was also a small bathroom smelling of wet wood and scented soaps, and the bedroom.

The bedroom was dark; after a few moments Tamara got accustomed to the gloom in there, and emptied her smaller bag, and found room for her large one under the big double bed. There were already boxes and bundles under the bed; the one shallow closet was bursting with clothes; the one strip of wall that had neither windows nor doors in it was embellished with a row of hooks from which more clothing hung. All about the mirror on the dresser photographs of men were stuck at angles; the dressing table itself was closely littered with pots and jars, cigarette boxes and ashtrays, brushes, jewelry, small articles of apparel. Kid and satin slippers, discolored and twisted and collapsed, were in a row on the table; the room was in complete disorder and the bed not made.

AN odd expression came into Tamara's face as she set about what superficial ordering and straightening might be immediately accomplished. It was a look of intense seriousness and resolution. Steadily, without stopping, she moved chairs, hung garments on hooks already bulging with garments, made the dreadful bed and plumped the sodden pillows. She hung up her coat and hat; washed her face.

But she felt bewildered and shocked and surprisingly babyish—ready for tears. She felt like a traveler making his way cautiously across a bog in the dark. Each step might indeed be tested, but there was no definite hope of reaching safety and security after all the steps.

Coral came in, and the sisters kissed each other and laughed nervously as they sat talking awkwardly of trifles; after five years they could not be easy with each other all at once. Tamara felt another shock when she saw Coral. It might be only Coral's strangeness, she might get over it, but she seemed talkative and shallow and affected, somehow. The words did not come to Tamara, but she felt their meaning. A tremendous and desolating sense of disillusionment in her sister swept over her. This was not the gay successful young actress she had pictured as laughing over fan letters in her dressing room, evading unwelcome callers at the stage door.

"How d'you think Mama looks?" asked Coral. "She's been deathly ill. I didn't write you, I'm *the worst* letter writer . . ."

■ Tamara had the thrill of watching a play from the wings.

Inasmuch as her sister had never written her at all, Tamara could not politely deprecate this.

The sisters went into the kitchen together, and Tamara had her first meal at home. She was presently to discover that all her meals would be like this one, eaten casually from paper bags, from bowls in the icebox, from the saucepans and coffee pots on the gas stove. No table was ever set in the Todhunter house, and no meal was ever served. Each member of the family ate when and what he liked; the coffee pot simmered on the pilot light all day. Coral hospitably assisted her in finding food, sat watching her as she ate. But Coral ate nothing herself; she was going out later to dinner.

"Mama, want anything?" she presently shouted.

Mrs. Todhunter came heavily to the kitchen door.

"I don't believe I'll have anything," she said. "I may go out later with Ray; he phoned awhile back. My check hasn't come and I'm flat! I'm going to have Cutter go see Jesse."

Jesse Straut was known only vaguely to the girls as the man who

(*Continued on page* 54)

Why be a Flop as

As Broadcast by
ELSA
MAXWELL

Elsa's in movies, too, with a featured role in "Hotel for Women."

Burlesque Ball: Reggie Gardiner, Elsa, Bert Lahr and Bea Lillie.

Formal Party: Elsa as she talks to William Rhinelander Stewart.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Elsa Maxwell says she resents her reputation of being the world's biggest party-thrower, because she weighs only two hundred pounds. However, that's not quite what the title means. In a world where you can make a profession of almost everything, she has made a profession of giving parties—and has grown famous for it. Whenever some social leader wants to entertain at a particularly amusing or important affair, she calls in Elsa, who gets a brilliantly novel idea that immediately makes this party into something the guests think and talk about for days afterwards. Elsa gave her own secrets for successful party-giving on a recent NBC Inside Story broadcast, from which the following article was prepared. The Inside Story, sponsored by Shredded Ralston, is heard on NBC's Blue network Tuesday nights at 10:30, E.D.S.T.*

WHATEVER else a party is, it ought to be fun. If it isn't fun, for everybody concerned, there's no excuse for having it.

That seems to be an easy enough rule to remember, but I think a lot of people forget it. And usually the person who does the forgetting is the hostess. She doesn't have time to remember to have fun, because she's too busy worrying.

Are *you* one of these anxious hostesses? Do you fret before every party you give, worrying about "how it will go off," wishing it were over,

Barn Dance: Keystone cops Mrs. William Gaxton, Charlie Knickerbocker and Ethel Merman beat up singer William Gaxton.

a Hostess?

You'll have the whole town talking if you're brave enough to follow the shocking rules of the world's most famous party giver

looking on the whole thing as a terrible ordeal?

Don't be ashamed if you are. There are so many women in the same boat with you that I've learned to recognize an expectant hostess as soon as I see her. She always has a far-away look in her eye, a crumpled list in her hand, and a tendency to shy when spoken to unexpectedly. She won't be happy until the last guest has gone home and she can kick off her shoes, throw herself down in the nearest chair, and sigh, "Thank goodness, *that's* over."

And I'm willing to bet her party will be an awful flop.

The hostess who dreads her own party is licked before she starts. All too often you can pick out the host and hostess at a party—they're those two miserable-looking people with their fingers crossed. They don't look like that at a party that's going over with a big bang, though. *Then* they're the merry-looking couple who are obviously having twice as much fun as anyone else.

When you give a party, you're a salesman, and nothing else. A salesman can't get anyone to buy a product he doesn't believe in himself—and a hostess can't persuade other people to have a good time if she's miserable. You have to sell the party—so put some enthusiasm into it. The guests will soon follow your lead.

Oh, I know what you're thinking. "How about those people who just (*Cont'd on page* 51)

Mrs. Anne Laurie Meilziner and Clifton Webb at the Burlesque Ball.

Also in costume for the Barn Dance: Kay Francis and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. at a table with socialite Jay O'Brien.

In Hollywood: Edmund Goulding, Mrs. Zanuck, Fairbanks Jr., and Elsa.

Lovely Luise Barclay, radio's Woman in White

Wife against Mother

A mother's selfish love forbade their marriage—but radio's fascinating heroine, the Woman in White, solves one of humanity's most heart-perplexing problems

EVEN in the midst of our first frenzied activity, while Dr. Jarrett and I struggled to save the life of the fragile, white-haired woman in the big four-poster bed, I knew that something was wrong. There was an oppressiveness, a sense of strain and uneasiness about the atmosphere of that gloomy, old-fashioned house on Lake Shore Drive—even more than could be accounted for by the fact that in it a woman was creeping painfully back from the brink of death.

I had time, too, while I handed the doctor his instruments and prepared injections, to wonder fleetingly how in the world anyone could possibly have taken such a large quantity of sleeping tablets. And in the middle of the afternoon, too! That morning, her son said, the glass vial in the medicine closet had been full, or almost so—and now at least thirteen tablets were missing.

But Mrs. Gray was my first case, and for a while I was almost inclined to believe that my doubts were merely my own fevered imagination. My first case! There was magic even in the words. So often in my training days, tingling with weariness after a day in the hospital, I had lain awake, dreaming of this moment when I would be caring for my first patient. So often I had wondered, "Will I be worthy, in that first test?"

For I knew that nursing was not merely a matter

"Donald," she said, "you must tell your mother—today—that I'm coming here to live. Or I won't be your wife any more."

THE ADVENTURES OF KAREN ADAMS, THE WOMAN IN WHITE, WRITTEN BY IRNA PHILLIPS AND SPONSORED BY PILLSBURY FLOUR, ARE HEARD MONDAYS THROUGH FRIDAYS OVER THE NBC-RED NETWORK

of taking temperatures, smoothing pillows, keeping a neat chart for the doctor to see, administering medicine at the proper times. All this was important, but there was more—

"A good nurse, Karen," the Superintendent had said to me once, "never forgets that every patient has a soul as well as a body, and that sometimes—often—the soul is sicker than the body. It will be your job, much more than the doctor's, to cure your patients' souls—to look into the inner lives of the people you are called on to help."

Strange words, from the practical, brisk Miss Curtis! But I had never forgotten them. And now, with my very first patient, I was to learn their truth.

I had my first inkling of what was really wrong after the doctor had left. Mrs. Gray, though still in a deep stupor, was out of danger. Her son, Donald, and his wife had entered the room and were standing by the bed looking down at the quiet, pale face. It seemed to me that Donald looked not only frightened but faintly guilty as well—and that his wife's concern was mingled with a strange sort of defiance.

"It won't be long now before she's conscious," I said, hoping to cheer them up.

Instead, I saw a quick, secret glance pass between them. "Perhaps I'd better leave, then," young Mrs. Gray said.

"Oh, no," I reassured her. "I'm sure she'll want to see you."

"And I'm sure," the girl remarked firmly, "that she won't." With that, she turned on her heel and went out of the room.

To my surprise, I saw that her husband was immensely relieved. Handsome, tall and well-built though he was, there was still something about Donald Gray that I couldn't quite define. It wasn't

weakness, exactly. Immaturity, perhaps—a little-boy quality that immediately awoke the protective instinct of any woman.

"You're quite sure she'll be all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, Mr. Gray. The doctor wouldn't have left if he wasn't sure."

I SUPPOSE he had to talk to someone. The burden of guilt he felt on himself was too much for any man to bear without confession.

"She took those tablets on purpose, Miss Adams," he said tensely. "She wanted to die—because she found out this morning that I was married."

"Oh, you must be mistaken—" I began, but he paid no attention to me.

"Two years we've kept it a secret from her—all because I was afraid something like this would happen. Miss Adams—" his tortured eyes burned into mine—"have you any idea what it means to live with someone who loves you so much that she depends on you entirely—builds her whole life about you—wraps you in love as if—as if love were a chain, so that you can't move?"

"Yes," I said to comfort him, "I think I understand."

"Gladys and I have gone through two years of agony—wanting to tell her, and not daring to. And then, this morning, she found out. One of our *friends* told her. If she should die—!"

In my pity for him, I wanted terribly to help. But at the moment, all I could do was say:

"You mustn't think of that, Mr. Gray. Just remember that she'll be well soon, and then perhaps you can make her understand."

"I don't know," he said wearily. Then anxiety sprang once more into his face. "Miss Adams—you don't think she'll try it again, do you?"

"No, of course not. And anyway, I'll always be with her."

"Thank you," he said. "And thanks for letting me talk to you. You see . . . Gladys is almost at the end of her rope, too. We don't even seem to be able to talk to each other about this business any more."

And remembering the look of defiance in the girl's pert little face, I could believe him.

If it hadn't been for that talk with Donald Gray, before his mother recovered from her coma, it would have been several days before I learned the reason for the strangeness of that house. My patient, when she woke, didn't even seem to know, at first, that I was in the room.

"Where's my son?" she asked weakly. "Donald! Will you please ask my son to come to me?"

But I had already sent Donald out

of the room, and I had some hot coffee ready for her. "Here, drink this," I urged. "It will make you feel so much better."

Her bright blue eyes, shrewd even in their weakness, lingered briefly on my face. "I don't care whether I feel better or not," she said flatly. Her hands moved in an aimless way over the covers. "But I must see Donald. . . . I must talk to him . . . we have to decide. . . ."

Without the coffee, which she refused to drink, drowsiness was overcoming her once more. "I feel so sleepy," she murmured. "Please bring Donald . . . right away. . . ."

Her eyelids fluttered down. For another moment or so her lips moved feebly, and then once more she was asleep. In all that huge house there wasn't a sound.

I moved quietly around the room, straightening up. My mind was going in circles. A secret marriage—an unwanted daughter-in-law—a mother whose love was slowly devouring her son. At first, I had been all sympathy with Donald, but now—Even in the few seconds that Mrs. Gray had been conscious I had seen how pitiful she was, how securely trapped by emotions she could not control.

Mrs. Gray made a beautiful recovery—a remarkable recovery, in fact. Within two days the doctor announced that there was no further need for either his services or mine. But just then Mrs. Gray made an unusual request. She begged me to stay on for a while longer.

"I'm not really myself yet," she said in explaining. "Even though I am out of danger, I'd be so thankful if you'd stay, Miss Adams. Not as my nurse, entirely, but—well, more as my friend. I—I feel unsure of myself. And I do feel terribly alone, since—" her eyes misted with tears— "since I learned about Donald's marriage. In another day or so Donald and I must decide several things, and I'd feel so much better if you'd stay."

"Of course I'll stay," I assured her.

That afternoon, I met Donald in the downstairs hall. He had spent nearly all of the two days since my arrival at home, seeing his mother whenever he was allowed to do so, and he was showing the strain of worry and fatigue. I hadn't seen his wife since that first afternoon; she had left the house then and hadn't returned.

Donald greeted me with a smile. "Mother tells me you're staying on for a while," he said. "I'm very glad. I—I want you to help me, if you will."

Under other circumstances, it would have seemed strange to hear this tall young man asking me to help him; now I saw nothing unusual. How could he fight that fragile woman upstairs, bound to him by ties of love and duty and affection?"

"I hope I can help," I said simply.

"You see," he stumbled on in embarrassment. "I've tried to talk to Mother the last day or so—to make her understand that I'm a man, not a boy, and have a right to a wife and home of my own. But she only says over and over, that Gladys tricked me into marriage—that she's sure (*Continued on page* 70)

BING'S GIRL Friday

Below, don't be fooled by Pat Friday's air of attention as she listens to Bing Crosby run over a song. She's probably busy wondering how to work out that problem in chemistry.

■ A seventeen-year-old co-ed is the summer's biggest radio hit—but if it hadn't been for those sorority sisters—

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

I WOULDN'T believe it if I hadn't seen it happen. I mean the case of Helen Patricia Friday.

Not that Pat Friday isn't good. She is—unbelievably good. So good that she's a nugget of pure gold found in the Beverly Hills by one Bing Crosby, Prospector. But that's the point. How in the world could a modest taffy-haired college Freshman who never in her brief life seriously thought of singing for a living become overnight the sensation of no less a program than Bing's Kraft Music Hall? (And two or three movie companies, too, wistfully looking for new talent.)

How could she have such poise? Such a sweet, strong, even voice? Such personality? Such presence of mind? How could this utter novice to radio, as innocent of microphone technique as a canary, successfully take over the job of luring melody-minded listeners to tune in the Kraft show all summer long while Bing is on vacation?

Well, there's only one answer to all those questions: I don't know, but (*Continued on page* 66)

Meet the Blondie

She's Penny Singleton—who sends motor cops off about their business, manages to be neighborly even in Hollywood, washes her own windows, and calls her husband "Scroggs"

A PERT-FACED blonde was spinning her inexpensive coupe down one of Hollywood's main boulevards at an extra-legal clip the other day when she spied a motor cop stationed at the next corner. Slamming the brakes she pulled the car to a stop alongside of his motorcycle.

"Officer," she announced in a matter of fact voice, "I'm in an awful hurry. Would you mind going off on some other street to watch for speeders?"

The cop stared in astonishment, then roared with laughter at the unbelievable impudence of the request.

"Okay, Blondie, you win!" he said and rode off around the corner out of sight while Penny Singleton continued her dash to the CBS studios and a rehearsal of the new Camel show heard on Monday night.

Even Chic Young, the creator of the Blondie of the comic strip could not have tied that one. But Penny, who created the character on the screen in the Columbia Pictures series and now with Arthur Lake as Dagwood is bringing the funfest to radio audiences, saw nothing extraordinary in it. It was, she insisted, the sensible and logical thing to do!

Everything she does seems logical to Penny, whatever her friends may think. Even things like worrying herself into a fine state of nerves over the baby of an unknown fan in Philadelphia who got the measles. Or flying cross country with only a bottle of spring tonic, a pair of scissors, a spool of black thread and a package of No. 9 needles for luggage. Or blithely discarding her established stage and screen name of Dorothy McNulty for the unknown monicker of Penny Singleton a month *before* she married the handsome young dentist, Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton. Or, for that matter, insisting on calling him Scroggs in preference to Lawrence.

Strangely enough, by the time she has finished telling you about them, they seem logical to you too. There is something about her wide-eyed approach to life that defies argument because she makes it work so beautifully. Take the example of her first stage appearance at the age of eight years.

The children of her neighborhood in Philadelphia were talking about an amateur contest to be held at a certain theater. The admission price was a nickel and the first prize was five shiny dollars.

"I decided to sing *They Called Her Frivolous Sal* which my father, a newspaperman, had taught me," Penny related. "By the time I got to the first *Sal* the audience started to laugh. It made me mad, so I stepped up to the footlights and told them off. I said they shouldn't laugh at me that way because I wanted to win the $5.00 so (*Continued on page* 87)

Bumsteads!

By KAY PROCTOR

ARTHUR LAKE half tumbled into the room in much the same breathless fashion Dagwood Bumstead makes the morning eight-ten.

"Gosh I'm sorry I'm late," he apologized, "but Charlie Chan bit one of the neighbors and I was in a jam again."

Charlie Chan, he went on to explain, is an untrustworthy little Pekingese which belongs to his wife and at present is the chief bone of contention in the modest Lake household. If he had his way, the wretched little beast would be booted out *toot sweet* but you know how women are about such things. You have to humor them if there's to be any peace around the place.

And as if that wasn't enough to harass a man, Patricia Van Cleve, his wife, wasn't speaking to him that morning. It seems they were entered in a jitterbug contest which was a cinch for them to win when the management ups and makes him one of the judges! Nothing could convince Pat he hadn't fenagled it on purpose just to take a bow!

"Women are the darndest!" he concluded unhappily.

To make matters worse, he continued, he and Pat had discovered they were $14.65 over the budget in the *Entertaining and Miscellaneous* division and there had been a few connubial words about that. And to top it off, they both had planned to use the one family car that afternoon, Pat to go to a kitchen shower for a bride and Artie to get down to the CBS studio for a scheduled script conference for next week's Blondie show.

In other words, he was sorry he was forty-five minutes late for an appointment.

On first meeting you are apt to think Artie Lake is putting on a swell act. It's too pat to be true. It's the sort of thing you read about in books and see every day on the screen. It is incredible, you argue with yourself, that anyone with his years of experience in knocking around the world could be so ill at ease with a stranger, so inarticulate in expressing his thoughts, so uncertain of himself, so perfectly the shy young man who giggles nervously and fumbles with a key ring to mask his embarrassment. It is impossible, you tell yourself, that any man of his age, be it 25 or 35, could be so supinely content with life and so unaffected by the major problems of the world today. Peter Pans, you say, went out with bustles.

After a while it dawns on you it is not an act. After a while you realize you are witnessing a minor miracle —a fictional character come to life.

Whether Chic Young had Artie Lake in mind when he first created the comic strip character of Dagwood Bumstead, husband of (*Continued on page* 88)

And he's Arthur Lake—who dotes on jitterbug contests, loves to keep folks guessing about his age, and cheerfully admits that he has no goal in life except spending money

The river spoke to her too. It said, "Come, Cathleen. You're so tired . . ."

Cathleen

The tender story of a father who had to be taught there is no loneliness in all the world like that in the hungry heart of a child

From the radio drama by Kay Van Riper, first presented over CBS on the Texaco Star Theater, with Virginia Weidler in the role of Cathleen Bradford.

Illustration by B. Rieger

THEIR "conversation" had started with Cathleen's school report card, gone on to the way she talked, and ended, for a climax, with the bowl of white lilacs beneath her mother's portrait.

"I wish you'd drop the habit of speaking like your nurse," Allan Bradford was saying. "You're thirteen now, Cathleen, and it's time you were learning to express yourself correctly. It's ridiculous for an American school-girl to be talking in an Irish brogue. . . ."

And then his eyes had fallen on the flowers, and the weary exasperation in his face hardened suddenly into fury.

"Who put that bowl of lilacs there?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Cathleen said. From each side of her bent head short braids dangled; she caressed the scuffed toe of one shoe with the sole of the other.

"You're lying, Cathleen. . . . I told you never to touch anything in this room. It was presided over by your mother—and I want no additions made to it."

Cathleen raised her head for one swift glance about the perfectly appointed, gracious room, as if looking for some trace to be left there of the mother she had never seen. "A bowl of flowers!"

Allan Bradford's legs were long; they carried him across the room in two strides. He plucked the flowers out of their bowl and threw them violently into the wastebasket. And then the roaring in his ears ebbed away, as swiftly as it had come, so that he could hear his daughter's heart-broken sobs:

"They were for her! May's her month— Oh, I hate you!"

"Please go to your room now," he said quietly. "I'm—sorry about the flowers. You don't understand."

"Yes, father." Cathleen's teeth clamped down hard over her lips, over the words.

"And about your school—" He hesitated, trying to find words. Always, when he talked to Cathleen, he was trying to find words for what he wanted to say—and failing. "See if you can't do better," he finished lamely.

"Yes, father."

When she had gone, he sat for a while watching the dusk rob color

from the room. It wasn't that he didn't love the child. . . . Or *was* that the trouble, after all? Could you love that which had taken the life of one so beautiful?

"Cathleen!" he cried into the darkness, meaning not his daughter, but her mother. The name itself was a constant barb, thrust into his heart. He would never have called the child Cathleen, if—*she*—hadn't begged him to, that night just before she died.

He knew he must forget all that. It was over, and from tonight he was starting afresh. Hope Cabot would be here soon—tall, cool as a breeze from her native New England, quietly wholesome—and this was the night he would ask her to marry him. He must not be unfair to her: he must not remember, too much, what was past.

Would she accept him? He believed she would. She was not young, but she was strong and courageous; she would not shrink from a household like this, with a man like a tree half-shivered with lightning, and the very air sick with the hatred of a bitter child.

The butler stood in the doorway. "Miss Hope Cabot," he announced.

WHEN the door banged in the nursery, Nora said to Cathleen, "Well—and that must be relieving of your feelings considerably."

"A bang, Nora, can be relieving of the feelings," Cathleen told her somberly, "but not of a deep pain in the heart."

Nora's broad Irish face was unimpressed. "Ah," she remarked, "so you and your dear father were speaking out again?"

"School, school, school! I hate school. They never teach anything that interests you—the teachers are all ugly to look at—and who's there to talk about what's in my head?"

"Aaaah!" said Nora. "And if I haven't dropped my thread!"

Resignedly, Cathleen retrieved the errant spool. "Why do you mend my middy blouses?" she complained. "Why can't you be letting them rot like the bones of the shipwrecked at sea?"

"So you *did* get that book out of the library!" Nora said accusingly.

"Why can't girls always wear pink organdy dresses . . . with white tulle veils . . . and a train of violets . . . ?" Cathleen wandered to the window, looked out to the purple-gray flood of the Hudson flowing past Riverside Drive and the Parkway. Soon the stars would be out. . . . "And in my hair," she went on, "that great star. Nora, did I tell you the star visited me last night?"

"And what did he say?" murmured Nora, still sewing.

"First he just shimmered. With gold. Like the sky after sunset. And then he said, 'Why Cathleen—if you aren't as beautiful as your dear mother whom I've just visited not ten minutes ago!'" She paused, then, her voice a-brim with grave conviction: "That's what he said, Nora."

"And then what did you say?" Nora asked, in a voice that seemed curiously muffled, as if she had a frog in her throat.

"Why, I sang him a song. Like the one my mother used to play." She pronounced the difficult words carefully: "Claire—de—Lune, by De-bus-sy. Isn't that right, Nora?"

"Aye—and like a wild sweet bird she sang that Frenchman's song, her white hands drifting on the piano keys like flowers on a stream."

Cathleen's own hands beat together in rapture—for this was a ritual, and she knew what came next. "And then, sometimes she'd say, Nora—"

"She'd say," Nora took up the tale, "'Now I'll be singing for our lonely Irish hearts a Gaelic song, written by another Frenchman long ago.'" Rocking back and forth in her chair, the sewing forgotten in her lap, Nora crooned:

"Ta ribin o mo cheadhsearc ann mo phoca sios—"

"There is a ribbon from my only love in my pocket deep," sang Cathleen, her eyes far away on some dream land; "and the women of Europe, they could not cure my grief, alas!"

"It's time you were going to bed, Mavourneen," Nora said abruptly. "For tomorrow's the fine day you go to the dentist."

"What!" Blazing, Cathleen snapped back to the present. "Saturday afternoon is mine. Everybody in the world knows it's mine! I won't go, do you hear me, I won't go!"

"Your respected father said—"

"To hurt me, to hurt me, that's all! *I won't go!*"

"Now then," Nora said sternly, "to bed!"

THE NEXT afternoon she was almost late, and all because she had to pretend to Nora that she was going to the dentist's. The clock in the jeweler's window next door said exactly three when she hurried into the little music store on Madison Avenue, and Mr. Ted looked up from behind the counter and said, "Well, Cathleen, I was afraid you'd passed us up today."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't!" Cathleen said in a shocked whisper.

Mr. Ted, who waited on her every Saturday afternoon, led her to one of the sound-proof booths in the back of the store. "And how's your father today?" he asked.

"He's better," she told him primly. "I brought him some white lilacs yesterday, and he just smelled and smelled them, and then he smiled—you know, I've told you about my father's dear smile—and

ABOUT VIRGINIA WEIDLER: The eleven-year-old star of "Cathleen" has been in the movies since she was three, but in spite of all that professional experience, she's still a normal, healthy girl, a little on the tom-boy side, and passionately interested in her pets—a lovable dog named Laddie, and two love birds.

then he said, 'Well, Cathleen darling, how did you know they were *just* what I wanted?' "

"He must get tired of lying in bed all the time," the young clerk said sympathetically. "I hope some day he'll walk in here with you, well and strong."

"I hope so too, Mr. Ted," Cathleen agreed.

"He's lucky to have a little daughter like you."

Her eyes sparkling, Cathleen said, "That's what he says. He always puts his arm around me when I read to him and says, 'You're Daddy's girl—' "

Ted March raised the lid of the big electric phonograph and put in a new needle. "Well," he asked, "what music does your father want you to hear today?"

"Some—some De-bus-sy, today. *And*—"

She paused, to let him know that something important was coming.

"*And*—he gave me the money to buy the album! So now you can make a *ten dollar sale!* Isn't that wonderful?" She burst into excited happy laughter, and in a second he joined her, so that the little cubicle rang with their merriment.

"Because it's my birthday, and he says he wants me to have whatever makes me happy!" Cathleen explained. "He's so—so understanding, my father is. . . ."

Ted March said quietly, looking down at her radiant little face (funny, she was such a homely little thing, really, but right now she was almost beautiful): "He must be a swell guy."

"And now, please," Cathleen said, with a breathless note in her voice, "Can we begin our wonderful Saturday afternoon?" Quickly she drew three chairs up in a row facing the phonograph, and perched herself on the middle one. "There. Here I am in the middle, with—my mother on one side and my father—on the other."

Almost reverently, Ted placed the phonograph needle at the edge of the whirling disk, and tiptoed from the room at the first notes of "Claire de Lune."

But Cathleen paid for her wonderful Saturday afternoon that evening.

YOU may as well stay," Allan Bradford said to Hope Cabot; "you may as well see at first hand the family group. From Childhood—nothing but waywardness, wilfullness, secretiveness—until she's grown into what they call a 'problem child.' "

"I have no faith in such labels," Hope said crisply, in her deep, rich voice. "Allan, dear, you're taking this thing much too seriously."

"Stealing — deliberate disobedience? Can you take them too seriously?" he asked bitterly. "Well, we might as well get it over. I'll have Nora send her in here."

But before his finger touched the bell, they heard another sound—the melody of "Claire de Lune" being played fumblingly, inexpertly, on the piano in the music room. Allan's face went chalky.

"Her mother's piano! She's been forbidden—" He flung open the door to the hall. "Stop that!" he shouted.

The melody was silent, on the middle of a note.

"Come in (*Continued on page* 59)

ABOUT KAY VAN RIPER: Ten years ago the author of "Cathleen" graduated from the University of Minnesota and headed at once for Hollywood—not because she had any movie ambitions but just because its balmy climate appealed to her after years of Minnesota blizzards. She arrived with just $40 in her pocket, and her first move was to audition for a dramatic part on Station KFWB. To her own intense surprise, she got the job, and from acting she drifted into radio writing, working so hard and enthusiastically at it that she became responsible for many of the station's best programs—as well as its publicity agent! Her most famous series during that time was English Coronets, dramatizations of the lives of British rulers, in which she also played leading roles. It was this program which led a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout to give her a movie writing contract. At first she had the contract but nothing else; nobody gave her anything to do. Then she was put to work on an unimportant play called "Skidding"; she finished the script and it went into production—to emerge as the fabulously successful "The Hardy Family." Kay has been writing steadily about the Hardys ever since, doing a few radio plays, like "Cathleen," in between times because she still loves writing for the air.

SWINGING INTO *Campus Style*

Radio helps you select your college clothes! Take a peak at the modish outfits Helen Carroll, of the famous Merry Macs, heard on the Fred Allen show and the Hit Parade, recommends for the well-dressed co-ed.

Start the day with a song in your heart—and on your sweater (above). The white angora-embroidered musical notes are on a ground of blue. A "must" is this wool plaid sports jacket (left), with a pleated skirt.

For those impromptu hen parties, you'll want one of these latest lounge suits of royal, wine or copen, with a double row of shiny brass buttons.

Photos exclusive to Radio Mirror by Robert K. Weitzen

The fitted British tweed sport coat is the thing for the first crisp fall days. Helen's is green (above). Left, a smart black and white sheer wool dress, with a fitted Danger Red jacket. All these styles were especially designed for Helen Carroll, and can be purchased in leading stores of the country. They bear the label, "The Merry Macs Swing Style."

DON'T GIVE

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, the devoted but sensible parents of Norman and Baby Ellen.

YOU AND your husband are at a party. You've just had your hair done, your gown is a new one, the room is full of interesting people, the music is wonderful. You've been looking forward to this evening, because it's your first night out since Baby was born. You ought to be having the time of your life.

But you aren't.

You are perfectly miserable, you can't keep your mind on what people are saying to you, and you wish to goodness you were home.

There's only one reason for your misery, and it's a very little—but a very important—one. You can't get your mind off that precious bundle of humanity at home. Is King Baby perfectly safe? Is the nurse you have staying with him while you went to the party really reliable? Is he covered lightly enough if it's a warm night, warmly enough if it's chilly? *Is everything all right with him?*

And just at this point you catch sight of another young mother who seems to be enjoying herself hugely, not a thought of her baby in her mind. And you think resentfully, "I don't see how she does it! Has the woman no heart?" But the thought brings you little comfort, and the party is spoiled and pretty soon you go home. And after that you and your husband don't go to any more parties. You stay home, comforting your dullness with the thought that you're doing your duty and being a good mother and placing your infant's welfare before your pleasure.

But are you?

Joan Blondell Powell, devoted mother of Norman and Ellen, says you're not.

"New mothers should not be too devoted to their babies!" she told me. Excessive, twenty-four-hour-a-day devotion to babies is bad, without qualification—bad for the mother, for the father, and for the babies themselves. I know—how well I know!" Joan added ruefully, "that this over-absorption in our babies is the most difficult habit young mothers have to break. All the more difficult because we don't really *want* to do anything about it!"

Joan flung out a hand in a despairing gesture. "I know what happens to a mother who lets herself be simply *eaten* by her babies. I know because of what's happened to me. I have to fight, continually, because I'm one of those mothers who believes instinctively that no one but myself can really take care of my babies. If I spent a million a year on nurses, tutors, and governesses, I'd *still* think that unless I pinned on the baby's diaper the pin would stab her!

"And it's all wrong! I shouldn't feel that way, and I know it. When you have a baby your life, your own life, is apt to stand still while you're watching and waiting for the baby's next little sign of progress. My life did. At first I'd find myself thinking, 'In six more days Ellen may walk . . . I'd better not plan to do anything, I'd better not leave the

IN TO *Motherhood*

By GLADYS HALL

Love your children—but learn to "neglect" them too! Read Joan Blondell Powell's amazing recipe for a really happy and successful parenthood

"It's your duty as a mother to have a good time," says Joan as she dances with Dick.

Fink Photo

house for fear I won't be here at the precise moment!' Then it was, 'Soon now she'll say her first word and I'd better be here for *that!*' Now it's, 'Any minute she'll begin to play with Normie and I *couldn't* miss that!' Next I'll be thinking that soon she'll be ready to go to kindergarten and since she'll leave me so soon I'd better stay with her every minute. . . .

WHICH is all fine and dandy, except that one day I'll come out of the cloud of talcum powder and the coma of watchful waiting to the realization that the baby is practically to have a baby of her own and that I've spent my whole life living her life, while the years have passed me by."

Joan ended her outburst without the little half-laugh which had accompanied its beginning, and I knew that she was talking of a very real and serious problem in her life—a very real problem in every young mother's life, whether she realizes it or not. (And many mothers, unhappily, are not as clear-sighted as Joan.) Her last words sketched, vividly, the picture of the woman who has given herself with a kind of selfless ecstasy to her children, letting that ecstasy blind her to what is really best for the children, to her duty to herself and to her husband—and then finds, too late, that her devotion is unwanted, unwelcome.

And yet, our very surroundings symbolize the other side of the picture. We were sitting in the living room of the chintzy, homey, completely delightful Blondell-Powell house in Hollywood. It was an afternoon when Joan was "between servants," and the babies were, to put it literally, under foot. In the course of our talk Joan tripped over a couple of marbles left on the floor by small Miss Ellen Powell, aged eleven months; Dick, coming in the front door, tripped over a broken bicycle left there by young Mr. Norman Powell, aged four; Joan rescued Miss Ellen from eating two marbles; (*Continued on page* 63)

Special!

Johnny Green, maestro and star of the Philip Morris programs, and composer of this new melody.

YOU BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES

Music by
JOHNNY GREEN

Words by
BENNY DAVIS

■ Radio Mirror introduces the newest song sensation—by the composer of such hits as "Body and Soul," "Coquette," and the current favorite, "You and Your Love"

Brightly

p-mf

You brought me to my sen- ses, You showed me the light of day! I thought that I was smart Just gettin' laughs and havin' fun a- round. Tried to fool my heart By

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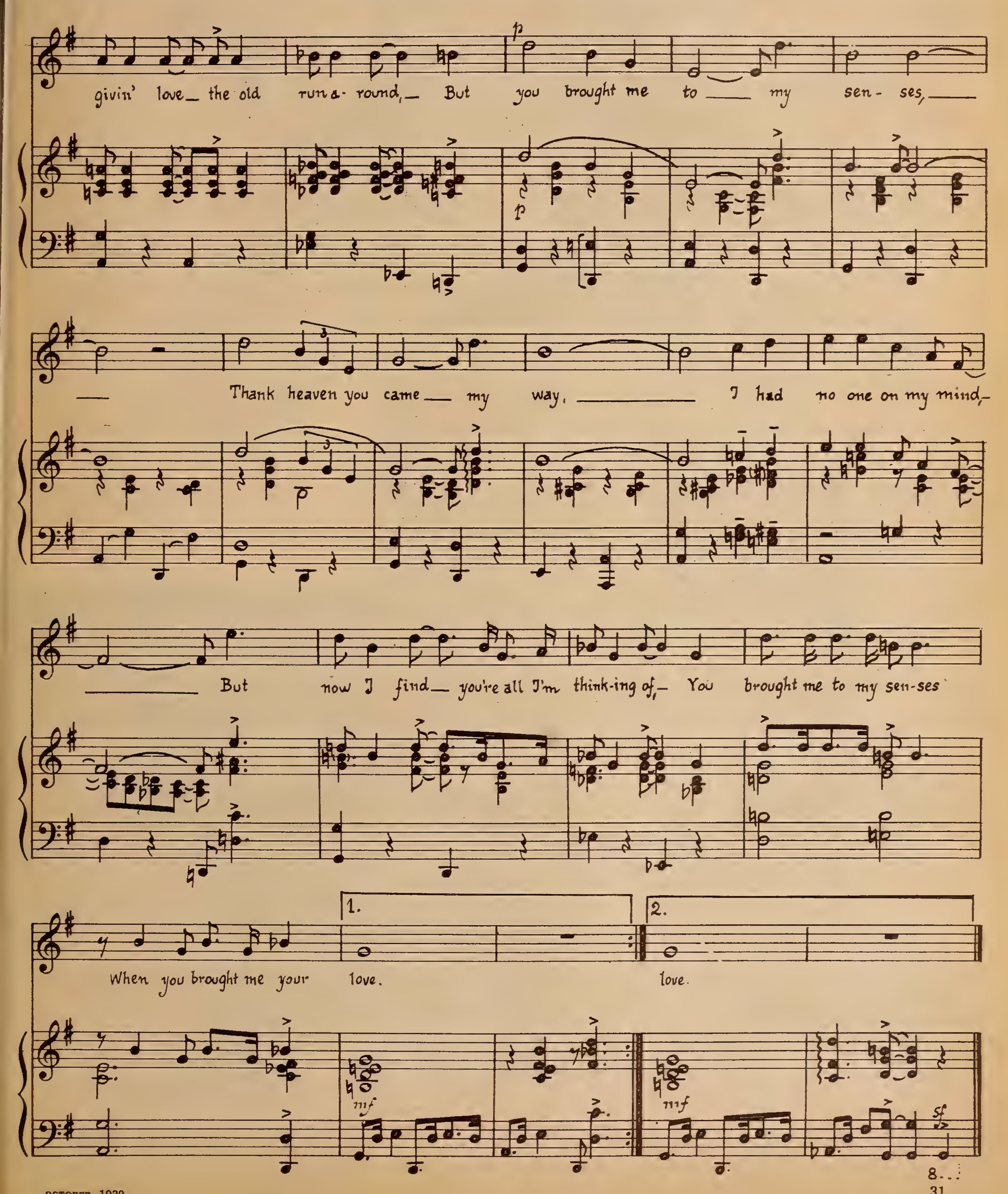
PREVIEW OF A HIT



TWO ON

If you are lucky enough to get two of these tickets, you'd hurry along famous 45th Street to Columbia's Radio Theatre No. 1 (above).

■

Left, you hand your ticket to the courteous page-boy and try to find a good seat way down in front—if you can. Better come early.

Above, you become one of a most unusual crowd of people—people from every state in the union. You applaud as announcer Charles O'Connor steps upon the stage (right) and welcomes you to the Columbia Playhouse. He makes you feel at home and tells you to relax and enjoy yourself.

HE AISLE

IN ordinary times, it isn't too easy to get a ticket to a radio broadcast—but all this summer, as crowds from out of town poured into New York to visit the Fair, the coveted bits of pasteboard have been scarcer than ever. So RADIO MIRROR presents this picture-visit to one of the popular broadcasts—the Philip Morris program, Johnny Presents. If you're lucky enough to visit it, the pictures will add to your pleasure; if you're not, we hope they'll make you feel as if you'd been there. Like most CBS programs, Johnny Presents is broadcast from a regular Broadway theater, leased by the network. Playhouse Number One, the theater we visit this Friday night, is a busy one, in use every night but Wednesday. It's just off Times Square. So hurry for this half hour of exciting music by Johnny Green with vocal arrangements by Ray Bloch and those thrilling dramas produced and directed by Jack Johnstone.

This is Johnny the call-boy, with two cardboard replicas behind him on the miniature stage from which he steps at the beginning of the program.

Right, maestro and star Johnny Green is a composer as well as an accomplished pianist—as you can tell from his song on page 30.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Photos by David Scott, CBS staff photographer

While you're getting yourself comfortably seated in the air-conditioned theater, the cast is preparing for the broadcast. Left, Johnny Green rushes through the backstage alley to open the show, and the girls of Ray Bloch's Swing Fourteen (above) pretty up in their dressing room.

Fairest

That smile caught the judges' eyes, too. That's why Caryl Smith (above, left) was chosen the Fair's Television Queen. Above, right, finalists await their turn before the cameras.

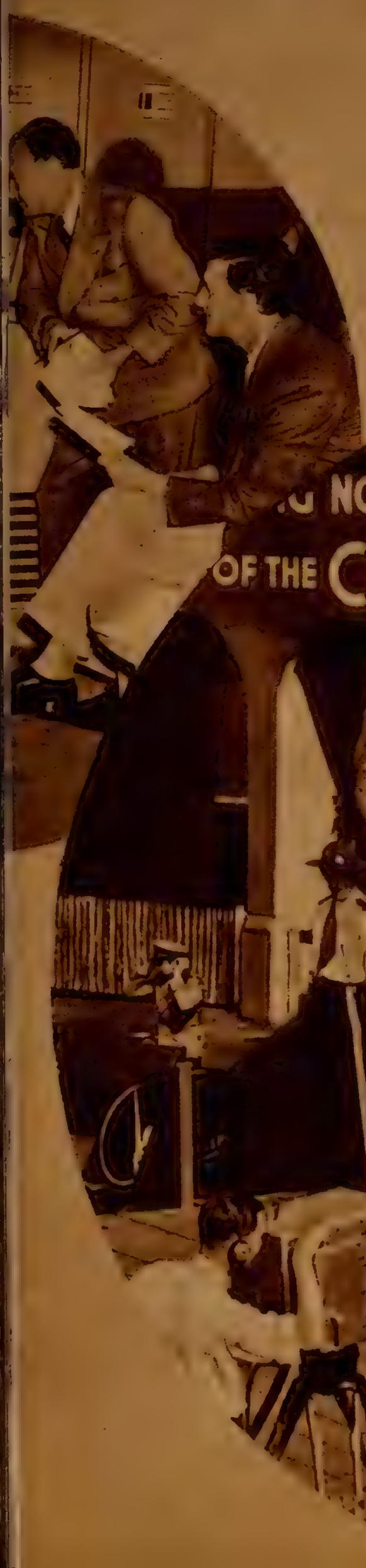
One at a time they step before the NBC television camera, while Jack Frazer (right) announces them.

Above, Eleanor Troy turns on the personality, holding up her identifying number. Right, contestants could wear either street clothes or show costumes. Left, a cute little model in Mexican dress that certainly was never made for a rear view.

of the Fair

IT took three days of telecasting and the combined efforts of nearly a dozen judges to pick the first Queen of Television—Caryl Smith, tall, brunette and twenty-one, of Seattle, Wash. NBC sponsored the contest on the grounds of the New York World's Fair, limiting it to employees of the Fair.

According to the judges, Caryl Smith possesses, more than any of the hundred entrants, television's mysterious "X-Appeal"—a mixture of beauty, charm, pleasant voice, graceful carriage and the "oomph" Hollywood has been talking about. Caryl's an actress, working this summer in the Fair's Amazon show, where she plays The Girl on the Wheel. Before that, she toured with Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God." She's 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. Her prize was an RCA television receiver.



Below, the Fair's tattooed lady poses in the Court of Centaurs, while (left) judges tune her in on a television set in the RCA Pavilion. The scene traveled more than fifteen miles to the receiving set, from the Fair to the transmitter in New York and back again, although the contest was being held less than a mile away. The judges, left to right, are John Gannon, advertising agency art director, Syd Hydeman, magazine art director, and McClelland Barclay and Russel Patterson, famous illustrators.

Pictures by William Haussler, NBC.

COMEDY

It's refreshing—try this special dog-days broadcast and you're bound to laugh yourself into a cooling breeze

The kid everybody wants to get rid of—and everybody enjoys—Baby Snooks, as played by Fannie Brice.

LATE summer's dog days make you want to loll around and be entertained—but where are those rip-roaring funsters that help you shoo your blues away and make you forget the heat? They've been entertaining you all winter—and it's not an easy job to make millions of people laugh every week. So what happened? They got tired and needed a rest. Because we knew you'd miss them, we're presenting this special March of Dimes broadcast which was presented by Hollywood in honor of the President's birthday, starring those mad comedians, Bob Hope, Baby Snooks, George Burns and Gracie Allen, with Eddie Cantor as master of ceremonies.

If you like to laugh, you'll read and treasure this, one of radio's most novel programs. Our thanks go to Vick Knight, the producer of the March of Dimes broadcast, for his help in making the script available.

And here comes Eddie Cantor.

EDDIE: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen—this is Eddie Cantor, whose privilege it is to introduce tonight some of the greatest personalities in the entertainment world.

And it's a real pleasure to present our first guest star—that kid everybody wants to get rid of—Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks! Tonight, Daddy Snooks, played by Hanley Stafford, is in a bad way. He went to a stag affair at his lodge last night, and is now trying to recover from the horrible after-effects of the wassail bowl. He is resting in his study as Baby Snooks enters. Let's hear you groan, Daddy.

(*And Daddy does groan, long and loud.*)

BABY SNOOKS: Hello, Daddy.

DADDY: Oh, *you're* here. Go away,

CAVALCADE

Paramount

Burns and Allen put their heads together for one of the funniest skits they ever broadcast. Below, Bob Hope (with his dog) in a ferocious mood.

Snooks—Daddy's trying to rest. My head's splitting.

SNOOKS: Why is your head splitting, Daddy?

DADDY: Because—because I worked too late in the office last night.

SNOOKS: Oh! How was the smoker, Daddy?

DADDY: All right, you little snooper! So I went to a smoker and don't ask me to tell you what a smoker is, and don't bother me at all—just get out of here.

SNOOKS: Awight. (*Daddy goes on groaning, and suddenly Snooks yells:*) DADDY!

DADDY: Owww! What do you want?

SNOOKS: How'd you get sick?

DADDY: Well, at this party last night there was so much—so much smoke that it got into my lungs and caused this headache. Now do you know what's the matter with me?

SNOOKS: Uh-huh. You got a hangover!

(*Daddy tries to answer that one, but he's too weak. Instead he just says:*)

DADDY: Snooks, please leave me alone for a half hour. Just one half hour. Please.

SNOOKS: Awight . . . Daddy?

DADDY: Ohhhh! Now what is it?

SNOOKS: Where did you go last night?

DADDY: To my lodge. It was our annual smoker.

SNOOKS: Did you take Mummy?

DADDY: NO!

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Because no women were allowed there—only Elks!

SNOOKS: Then why did *you* go?

DADDY: Because I'm an Elk.

SNOOKS: Wahhhhhhhhhhh!

DADDY: What are you hollering about now?

SNOOKS: 'Cause I think you're crazy.

DADDY: What's crazy about me being an Elk? A lot of people are Elks. My boss is not only an Elk—but he's a Lion, a Moose, and an Eagle.

SNOOKS: (*Very interested.*) How much does it cost to see him?

(*That crack adds a couple more shooting pains to Daddy's head, and after a* (*Continued on page* 73)

Backstage Wife

Continuing the fascinating story of a dangerous love, adapted by Hope Hale from the popular NBC serial sponsored by Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder

When should a woman cease fighting for her husband's love? Mary knew Catherine was winning Larry away and yet when she learned—

The story thus for:

MARRIAGE at first had meant the most complete happiness Mary Noble had ever known. A stranger in New York, she had conquered where so many others had failed, by becoming the bride of Larry Noble, Broadway's handsome matinee idol. But Mary soon learned that she must fight for her husband's love, for women did not cease to seek him even after marriage. Yet never had she had an adversary like Catherine Monroe. Catherine, one of Washington's social leaders, entered Mary's life in the guise of a friend, offering to back the play in which Larry Noble hoped to make a successful Broadway comeback after several disastrous years; but Mary realized almost at once that Catherine's interest was not entirely in Larry as an actor. In Washington, where they went to try the play out, Mary witnessed a murder that was committed in Catherine's house, and when she described the murderer to the police Catherine rebuked her sharply for dragging her into unnecessary publicity. When she saw that Larry was taking Catherine's part in the argument, Mary, disillusioned by his disloyalty, left him and stayed at a hotel. The next day two men, pretending to be detectives, lured her into the country and made an attempt upon her life, presumably to silence her concerning the murder she had seen. She was rescued from the leaky boat in which they set her adrift on the Chesapeake, but during her convalescence from shock and exposure Catherine wormed her way more fully into Larry's confidence. At last Bill Wicart, a Senator from the West, warned Mary that she must get Larry away from Catherine if she did not want him to be seriously harmed. Catherine, he told her, was suspected of being part of an international spy ring. Mary tried to laugh off his fears, but upon arriving at the theater she saw Catherine and Larry in the wings. Catherine, whispering to Larry, was handing him a folded piece of paper.

MARY swayed, clutched the prop of a piece of scenery to keep from falling. What she had just witnessed was in itself a frightful confirmation of all Senator Wicart's warnings. Those warnings that she had tried to tell herself were sheer melodrama! Yet here was Larry, her husband, plainly under the spell of Catherine Monroe, plainly her confidant and—perhaps her dupe.

As she watched, the scene ended. Catherine's eyes came away from Larry's, and saw Mary and Bill Wicart standing there. "Look, Larry!" she began. "The lost are found—"

But Mary gave her no opportunity to say more. Quickly she stepped toward her husband and Catherine. "May I talk to you a moment, Larry—in your dressing room?" she asked in a low voice.

Catherine stared—then said brightly, "Heavens! I'm late. Will you drop me at my hairdresser's, Bill?"

A moment later Mary closed the dressing room door behind her and Larry. "Larry," she said, "don't you think this has gone far enough?"

The face he turned to her was hostile. She stifled her pain and distress at those frowning brows, the bitter curve to his lips. No longer was it a question of their love, hers and Larry's. That was gone; she had said goodbye to it. But somehow, she had to save him from the material harm Catherine would do to him. For all doubts had vanished from her mind—Bill Wicart was right. Catherine Monroe was a professional spy.

"Please, Larry," she hurried on, "I don't want to quarrel with you—only to warn you. You mustn't—oh, you mustn't!—get mixed up in what Catherine's doing. This spy business—"

"Who told you that?" he asked sharply.

"Bill. He has good reason to believe that's what she is. And he's a Senator—he ought to know."

"No doubt. But in this particular case he doesn't." Larry's tone was curt, forbidding. But perhaps he saw the misery in her eyes, because the next moment he said more kindly, "I'm sorry, Mary. Probably Catherine's actions do look suspicious. But they're not what they seem. And I can't explain. . . . In another day or

Ken said, "You've everything but the knowledge of your own value. Marriage has taken that away."

two—maybe in a few hours—you and Wicart will both find out how mistaken you are."

"Oh, don't you see that's just the way she would want you to think!" Mary pleaded. "She's probably even told you she's not really working with this gang, but just gaining their confidence so as to trap them!"

LARRY bit his lip, and Mary knew that her random shot had gone home. "I—I can't talk about this," he said lamely.

"I don't care whether you talk about it or not!" she cried out. "I just don't want you mixed up in it. You're an actor. You've got a play due to open soon. If you get any deeper with Catherine and her—her work— Why, I—I'll do something about it myself!"

"Mary! If you make any trouble now it may cost Catherine her life!"

"How?" she said quickly. "Then you do know—"

He shrugged, wearily and impatiently. "I can tell you this, Mary. Catherine *has* been working with Baron Zenoff's gang in order to round up the whole spy ring for the Government."

"I don't believe it! She's just fooling you, leading you around to suit her own plans—"

And at that instant, watching Larry's face, Mary knew that she had failed. Rage smouldered behind his dark eyes, but his voice was level as he said: "Please give me credit for some judgment, Mary, even if I am your husband! And since you're here, will you take charge of rehearsal for me?—the cast ought to be getting here now. I may be back before you're through."

"Larry!" Oh, this was fear, now, that she felt — real, stark fear. "Where are you going?"

Ken Griffin plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife.

"Out," he said briefly. With swift, sure movements he was changing into street clothes. As if she hadn't been there at all, Mary thought dully. And in a moment, without another word, he was gone.

Where had he gone? Where? Where? All through the rehearsal, all through the lonely, anxious hours that followed, that question drummed through Mary's brain. That his errand was in connection with Catherine Monroe and her activities, she could not doubt. Repeated telephone calls to Catherine's home brought her nothing but the information that neither Catherine nor Larry was there.

Throughout the night she lay awake in her hotel room, pictures flashing through her overwrought imagination. The picture of Larry and Catherine, standing close together in the wings of the theater . . . the picture of Bill Wicart's grave face . . . the picture of Larry in danger, in disgrace, perhaps—but at this thought she turned again in the tumbled bedclothes—dead.

Morning came at last, and with it the newspaper, dropped at her door by a thoughtful hotel management. There, staring up at her from the front page, were the headlines: "Spy Ring Trapped!"—and underneath, the photographs of two people. "Hero and Heroine of Zenoff Espionage Scandal." Catherine . . . and Larry.

Unbelievably, it was true. Her hands trembling, she read the excitedly-worded newspaper account —learned how Catherine, on the afternoon before, had kept a crucial assignment with Baron Zenoff. Zenoff, growing suspicious of her, had been on the point of taking her life. But in the meantime, Larry, worried by her absence, had called Secretary of State Woring's private telephone number, which Catherine had given him (so that was what was on that folded paper!) and had arrived with help just in time to save Catherine's life and jail the entire spy ring.

At first, she could feel only one emotion—overwhelming, joyous relief that Larry was safe. It was only later, as she read more of the newspaper story, grasped more fully its implications, that confusion and apprehension came.

She tried to tell herself that she was glad Catherine had been vindicated, proud of Larry, happy that his judgment had been right. But she knew it was a lie. Woman-like, her mind had asked only one question: "Will Larry forgive you for being wrong—for quarreling with him when he needed your help and sympathy?"

SHE must know the answer to that question at once. She tried to call Larry on the telephone, but Catherine's butler told her that Mr. Noble was sleeping and could not be disturbed. Well, she could understand that, and she waited impatiently for the time to come when she could see him. He did not come to rehearsal at the theater—a rehearsal that buzzed with talk of his exploit. It was late in the afternoon before, at last, he arrived. Gratefully, she realized that he was alone.

Once more they talked in Larry's dressing room. Only a day had passed since their last conversation there. Only a day, but it seemed a year. For now everything was changed.

"I was wrong, Larry," she said humbly. "You were a better judge than I."

"Don't blame yourself," he said gently. "You couldn't know." He was, she saw, tired and yet exhilarated. Danger, met and conquered, had sapped his body but strengthened his spirit. "You know," he rushed on, "this business is going to boom the play. The publicity, I mean." (*Continued on page* 79)

Excuse it, Please

"Never again!" swears this well known writer who made the mistake of matching wits with the Information Please experts

By HEYWOOD BROUN

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NEVER again will I sit smug and snug in front of my radio and say, "Why can't the bums answer that one?" For I have been a guest on Information Please and was I good and lousy!

I can testify that nobody slipped me so much as a comma, let alone a question, before the fun began. All the slips were my own and in the error column. Indeed, the management of Canada Dry was very kind. As the last notes of the program began to die away there was some commotion in the back of the room among the patrons. I understand that they were forming a posse and it seemed to me that I caught the word "rail" and the phrase "tar and feathers." One of the officers of the corporation spirited me away down a back stairway and shipped me to Stamford in a plain sealed envelope.

When I got home all the members of my family had gone to bed and pulled the covers over their heads. They have never mentioned the matter to me, but I understand they are making a valiant and pathetic attempt to convince the neighbors that papa must have got hold of a bad oyster just before he went on the air. With touching loyalty they maintain that the old man couldn't have been as terrible as all that had he been in his right mind.

All I can say for myself is that I meant no harm and that I did it only for the dough with which I had hoped to buy Connie a bonnet for Christmas. She doesn't want it now. Indeed, she did depart from her charitable reticence long enough to say, "Don't buy me a hat with your Information Please money. It would gag me."

Would that my good angel had done the same for me when I was first asked to appear as a guest upon that famous program.

During the final week my terror mounted. I prayed steadily for laryngitis but all I got was a light case of palsy. Of course, I had known that the program was one of the most popular on the air but I had not realized just what that entailed.

Relatives whom I hadn't seen for years called up on the telephone in those last few days to ask how I was feeling. There was even a postcard

Heywood Broun, famous columnist, who learned what mike-fright is.

from Aunt Carrie asking for a ticket to the studio. And that was queer because the police have had her on the list of missing persons ever since she disappeared ten years ago with Uncle Clarence's Buick, a reliable chauffeur, thirty-one dollars in cash and my grandfather's gold watch. Aunt Carrie said that if it wasn't any trouble she would like to have an extra pair of seats for two of her girls. I don't know whether she has married or opened some sort of business establishment. Aunt Carrie always was impulsive. She sent her address and the directions, "knock three times and say that you're a friend of Minnie's" But I didn't mail her any tickets. I knew that my relatives were all behind me and I wanted to keep them there and not have them out front gaping.

I WAS scared right up to the minute Mr. Fadiman, the interlocutor, looked in my direction and said, "Mr. Broun." Then I was petrified. It was a combination of mike fever and stage fright.

A friend of mine who had once been through the mill and come away with nothing but a slight concussion tried to reassure me the night before I walked that long last mile. "You're probably right in assuming that you don't know any of the answers, Heywood," he said. "But what of it. All you need do is to throw in a couple of wisecracks."

But when I sat there, stripped down to my intellectual nakedness, I might as well have been told to toss in the Grand Central Station and Grant's Tomb. A numbness started in my toes and settled in my head. Two hours after it was over, and I had rubbed myself with alcohol, I did think of something I might have said.

But even if I had scored that triumph I doubt if it would have been sufficient to get me by. In addition to having a phobia about the popping of ginger ale bottles I also jump whenever a cash register rings. During such times as I was trying to answer questions on Information Please it almost seemed as if the bells of St. Mary's had gone into swing.

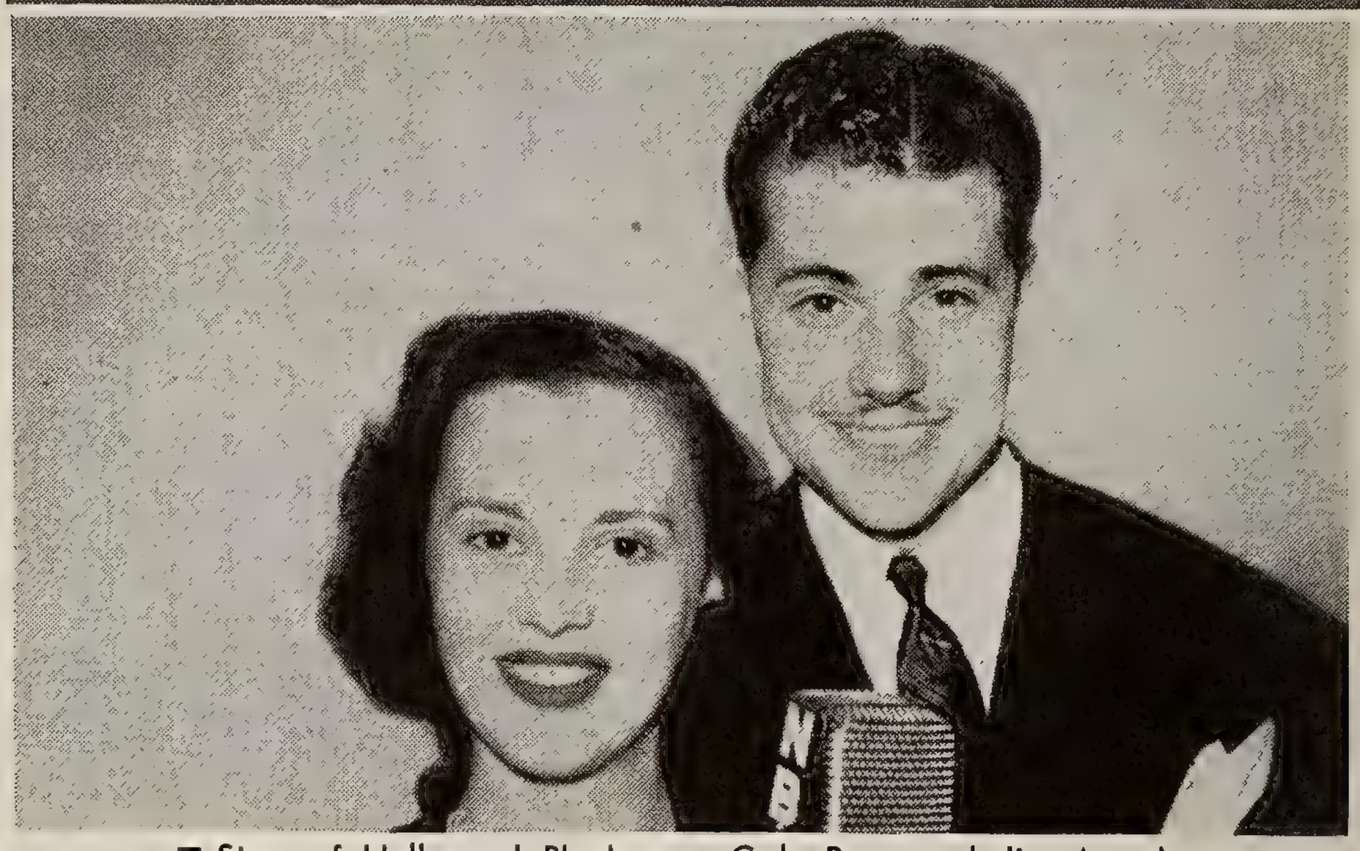
Naturally, this was by no means the first time I ever flopped as a public entertainer. Once upon a time I appeared in a show (under my own management, naturally) called "Shoot the Works." But after the first night my ineptitude got around only by word of mouth. I made an awful chump of myself during eight performances a week for seven weeks but those who witnessed the sad spectacle would not have extended from the last row to the box office even though I had laid them in the aisles.

BUT after Information Please there is no remote hamlet to which I can flee. I do not dare go into the drugstore at Bull's Head to buy a book or venture into Ye Tavern for a headache powder. Even the Fuller Brush man turns and runs for his life when he hears my voice saying, "Come in," as I answer his friendly knock.

I have had my cot moved to the hen house. It's pretty cold in there during some of these chilly nights, but I find more warmth among the fowl than I will ever be able to get in any human habitation from now on. The Rhode Island Reds look on me with sympathy and commiseration because they, too, know what it is to lay an egg.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T. (Eastern Daylight Time)	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
			NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
			NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Animal News**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
			9:15
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Aubade for Strings**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
			10:00
		9:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
		9:00	NBC-Red: **Highlights of the Bible**
			10:30
		9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
		9:30	NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies**
		9:30	NBC-Red: **Children's Hour**
			11:00
10:30	9:00	10:00	CBS **News and Rhythm**
			11:05
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **News**
			11:45
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Stor, Book**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Walter Logan Music**
			12:30 P.M.
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **On the Job**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Waterloo Junction**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Norman Cloutier Orch.**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Sunday Symphonette**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Democracy in Action**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **CBS Symphony**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Chautauqua Symphony**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Bookman's Notebook**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Allen Roth Presents**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Name the Place**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **So You Think You Know Music**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Ranger's Serenade**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Jimmy Shields**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **News from Washington**
			5:15
		4:15	NBC-Blue: **News**
			5:30
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Grouch Club**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Alibi Club**
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **The Aldrich Family**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Musical Playhouse**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Orson Welles** (Sept. 10)
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **NBC Symphony**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Ford Show**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
			9:30
7:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
			9:45
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Goodwill Hour**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm** (Sept. 17)
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dance Orchestra**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC **Dance Orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Stars of Hollywood Playhouse: Gale Page and Jim Ameche.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 27, September 3, 10, 17 and 24!

August 27: A quartet of new orchestra openings to add variety to your late-night dance-music listening: Al Donahue's band with Paula Kelly at Manhattan beach, on Mutual. . . . Bill Marshall at the Surf Beach Club, Virginia Beach, and Mike (Music Goes Round and Round) Riley at Auburn Park, Auburn, N. Y., both on NBC. . . . and Bill Bardo at the Rice Hotel, Austin, Texas, on CBS.

September 23: The last day of the Davis Cup Tennis finals at Marion, Pa.—on CBS with Ted Husing announcing. . . . And the second day of the National Air Races at Cleveland—NBC broadcasts this event.

September 10: Orson Welles brings his Mercury Playhouse back to CBS for Campbell's Soup tonight at 8:00.

September 17: Phil Spitalny and his all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra start a new broadcasting season tonight, at a new time—10:00 on NBC-Red.

September 24: And another favorite program returns—the Screen Actors Guild show on CBS at 7:30. . . . *What you mustn't forget today: Daylight Saving Time came to an end at midnight, and in many localities your network programs will be heard an hour earlier.*

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Woodbury's Hollywood Playhouse, starring Gale Page and Jim Ameche, on NBC's Red network at 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast reaching the west coast at 8:00, Pacific Time.

Phonograph records are used to rehearse this dramatic program. On Wednesday evenings before the broadcast, the cast gathers at NBC's Studio C in Hollywood Radio City for the first reading of the week's script. After the play has been read twice, some corrections are made and it is gone over once more, this time for a recording. On Thursday Gale Page and Jim Ameche come into the office of Jay Clark, the director, to listen to the records and learn how to perfect their roles before Sunday, when the whole afternoon before going on the air at 5:00 is devoted to more rehearsals.

Because of the difference in time between New York and Hollywood, the first broadcast is held late in the afternoon, and then the whole cast leaves the studio to eat dinner together at either the Brown Derby or The Tropics, returning in time for the Coast show at 8:00.

Twenty-four-year-old Jim Ameche is one of Don Ameche's younger brothers, and could easily be called a vest-pocket edition of Don. He not only resembles his brother in looks, but has the same mannerisms and temperament and acting ability.

He and Gale Page are enthusiastic over each other's ability and enjoy working with each other. While Jim is fussing over a sound turntable during a lull in the rehearsal, Gale will always be found in a corner of the studio, knitting. She knits incessantly in her spare time, following a popular Hollywood custom.

Rehearsals for the Hollywood Playhouse are informal and chatty, but not the broadcast itself. Once the show goes on the air everything is dignity. The feminine star—Gale in the summer, guest stars in the fall and winter—invariably wears an orchid; and the men don't go in for any of the slacks-and-sport-shirt attire so popular in many a Hollywood radio studio. After Charles Boyer returns in October, to resume his place as star of the program, he will personally choose his leading ladies—a privilege that radio grants to few actors, no matter how important they are.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ERNO RAPEE—orchestra leader on the Musical Playhouse, CBS at 7:30—and when that show goes off the air Sept. 17, he'll be back directing the Sunday-noon concerts of the Radio City Music Hall Symphony. Hungarian-born Rapee has been in radio for 19 years, was a great friend of Roxy, and is the composer of several hit songs. He's married, and lives in an apartment in midtown New York.

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Meet the Dixons**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Donna Curtis** (Sept. 11)
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10.00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			2:00
	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
			7:30
6:30	8:30	6:30	CBS: **Blondie**
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
6:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton**
			8:00
	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Tune-Up Time**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red **Tommy Riggs** (Sept. 4)
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER** (Sept. 11)
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I.Q.**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Vocalists Ford Leary and Mary Dugan . . . and maestro Clinton.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 28, September 4, 11, 18 and 25 !

August 28: Those two old gentlemen from Pine Ridge are back again tonight—Lum and Abner, on CBS at 7:15, from now on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

September 4: Betty Lou and Tommy Riggs return to the air tonight at 8:00, and NBC-Red is the network. . . . Van Alexander's band opens at Murray's in Tuckahoe, N. Y., to be heard on Mutual . . . The National Air Races are on NBC this afternoon.

September 11: Here's a new daily serial starting today. It's called Donna Curtis, and it's on CBS at 11:15. . . . And good news to everybody is that vacation days are over for the Lux Theater—it returns to CBS at 9:00 tonight. . . . Guy Lombardo's program changes time to 10:00 tonight—a half-hour later than before.

September 18: Tommy Dorsey's orchestra opens at the Eastern State Exposition—and you can hear his sentimental swing on NBC.

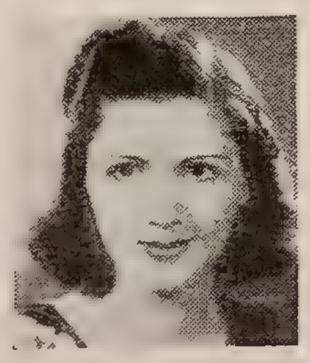
September 25: Lots of new programs today: Jack Armstrong on NBC-Red at 5:30 P.M. . . . Tom Mix on NBC-Blue at 5:45 . . . The Carters of Elm Street on NBC-Red at 12 noon. . . . And Alec Templeton starring in his own program on NBC-Red at 9:30. . . . Also, the American Legion convention begins in Chicago, and the networks will broadcast it.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Larry Clinton's Musical Sensations, on NBC's Red network at 7:30, Eastern Daylight Time, rebroadcast to the west at 6:30, Pacific Standard Time—sponsored by Sensation Cigarettes.

Getting to NBC's studio 3-A every week to broadcast this program is a complicated business for Larry Clinton and the boys in his band. The schedule isn't the same two weeks in succession, particularly in the summer. All through the hot weather the Clinton band has been playing two-or-three-night engagements out of town, rushing back to New York for the Monday broadcast, squeezing in a day of solid rehearsal to catch up on new numbers, finding time somewhere for another day of recording—and then dashing out of town for another dance engagement.

Larry Clinton is a dignified, dark-mustached musician who looks a good deal like a young college professor and not at all like the expert in swing that he is. He does all his own music-arranging for the program, and at least half his present fame is due to his cleverness at arranging melodies into a distinctive dance tempo. He's the lad who first thought of swinging the operatic aria "Martha," and of changing such classics as Debussy's "Reverie" and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" into dance numbers. Besides re-arranging the classics, he composes many tunes himself, and every Monday night the band plays at least one new Clinton song—usually of the swing variety. He can and does play every instrument in the band except the violin—which he studied when he was a boy.

Of the vocalists on the Sensations program, all but two are regular members of Clinton's band. These two are the Frazee sisters, Jane and Ruth, who appeared as guests on the first show and made such a hit they were signed permanently. Ford Leary, Mary Dugan and Terry Allen, the other vocalists, travel with the band on its road tours and appear with it in night spots. Ford Leary, the hefty swing-singer who doubles on the trombone in the band, is the fellow who first popularized the song "Shadrach." Mary Dugan, only eighteen years old, was entirely unknown until Larry heard her sing a few months ago and hired her on the spot—while Terry Allen, his newest singer, used to be with Red Norvo.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

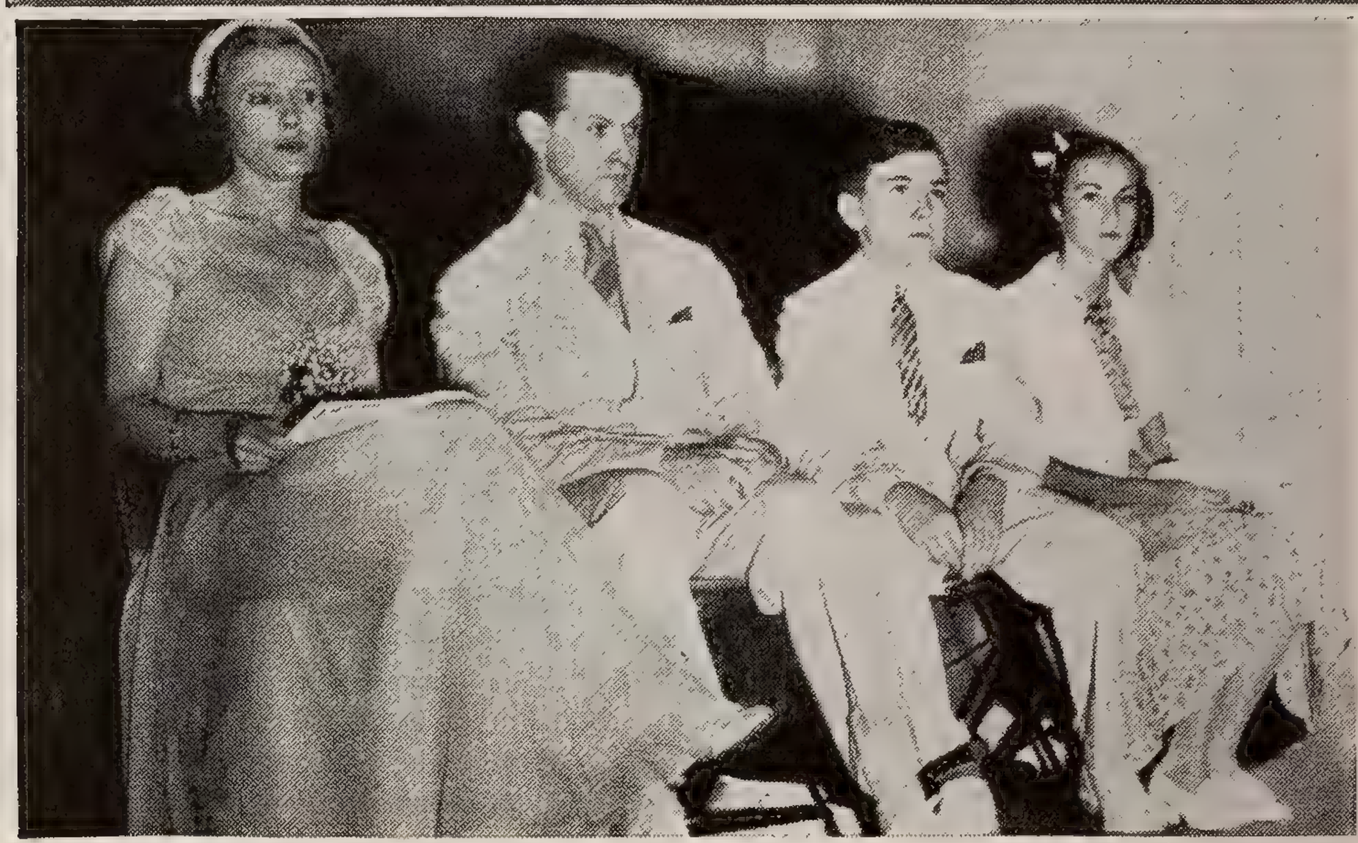
FRANCESCA LENNI—who plays Millicent Pennington in the CBS serial, Your Family and Mine, at 2:30 this afternoon. This is her first big radio job, but she comes to it with plenty of theatrical experience. Born in Kansas City, she moved to New York when she was four, and was interested in dramatics all through school. After graduation, she spent two years working in Summer stock.

Complete Programs from August 25 to September 26

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
			9:00
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Meet the Dixons**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Donna Curtis**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Trail Finder**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
			2:00
	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler** (Sept. 12)
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Quicksilver Quiz**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
			8:00
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON** (Sept. 19)
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
			8:30
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Walter O'Keefe**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Artie Shaw**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Bob Crosby**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue **TRUE STORY TIME**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Alec Templeton**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Hal Kemp**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Hope** (Sept. 26)
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Helen Menken, Joseph Curtin, Tommy Donnelly. Janice Gilbert.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 29, September 5, 12, 19 and 26!

August 29: A good bet for tonight; the dramatic True Story program with Fulton Oursler on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

September 5: Those friendly comedians, Fibber and Molly McGee, are back on the air again, beginning tonight—NBC-Red at 9:30.

September 12: Gossip Jimmie Fidler brings you the Hollywood low-down again, starting tonight at 7:15 on CBS.

September 19: Two more new programs—one a return of an old favorite, the other brand new! First, Edward G. Robinson in Big Town at 8:00, next Walter O'Keefe at 8:30, both on CBS.

September 26: Tonight's returning prodigal is comedian Bob Hope, on NBC-Red at 10:00, with Skinnay Ennis' orchestra, Jerry Colonna, and in addition—Judy Garland. . . . The American Legionnaires in Chicago are parading today, and if you listen to the networks you'll feel almost as if you were right there.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Second Husband, starring Helen Menken, on CBS at 7:30, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin.

Miss Helen Menken is a perfectionist, which probably accounts for the fact that she is one of the few stars of stage or screen who has been able to make and retain an equal success on the air. Long hours of rehearsal go into every broadcast of Second Husband, and even then she's seldom quite satisfied with her own performance. Everyone else is, though.

Rehearsals for Second Husband start on the Friday afternoon before the broadcast, when scripts are distributed to the members of the cast. They gather in a small CBS studio and read their parts over a few times, then take the scripts away to study them over the week-end. On Monday there's another rehearsal, at which director Stephen Gross begins to coach the actors in voice inflections, timing, and so on. On Tuesday afternon, in CBS Playhouse Number Two, the final, intensive work begins, climaxed by a dress rehearsal with the orchestra. Even after this, though, the actors gather around a long table and work until after five making tiny changes.

Broadcasting Second Husband is almost like putting on a regular stage play, with the curtain rising at the beginning of the show and falling at its end, and all the actors taking curtain calls in response to applause. Helen is very intense at the microphone, and amplifies her lines with gestures of her expressive hands and with real laughter or tears or anger.

Vic Arden's orchestra, which supplies the music between scenes of the play (called mood-music around the studios) sounds on the air like a bigger band than it is. It consists only of five pieces and the director—two violins, a trumpet, a trombone, and a Hammond organ. The snatches of music it plays usually have very strange titles—they're named after the emotions they are intended to convey to the listener —"Dramatic Tension," "Dramatic Neutral," "Hurry Number One," "Apassionata Number Two," and "Rhythmic Agitato."

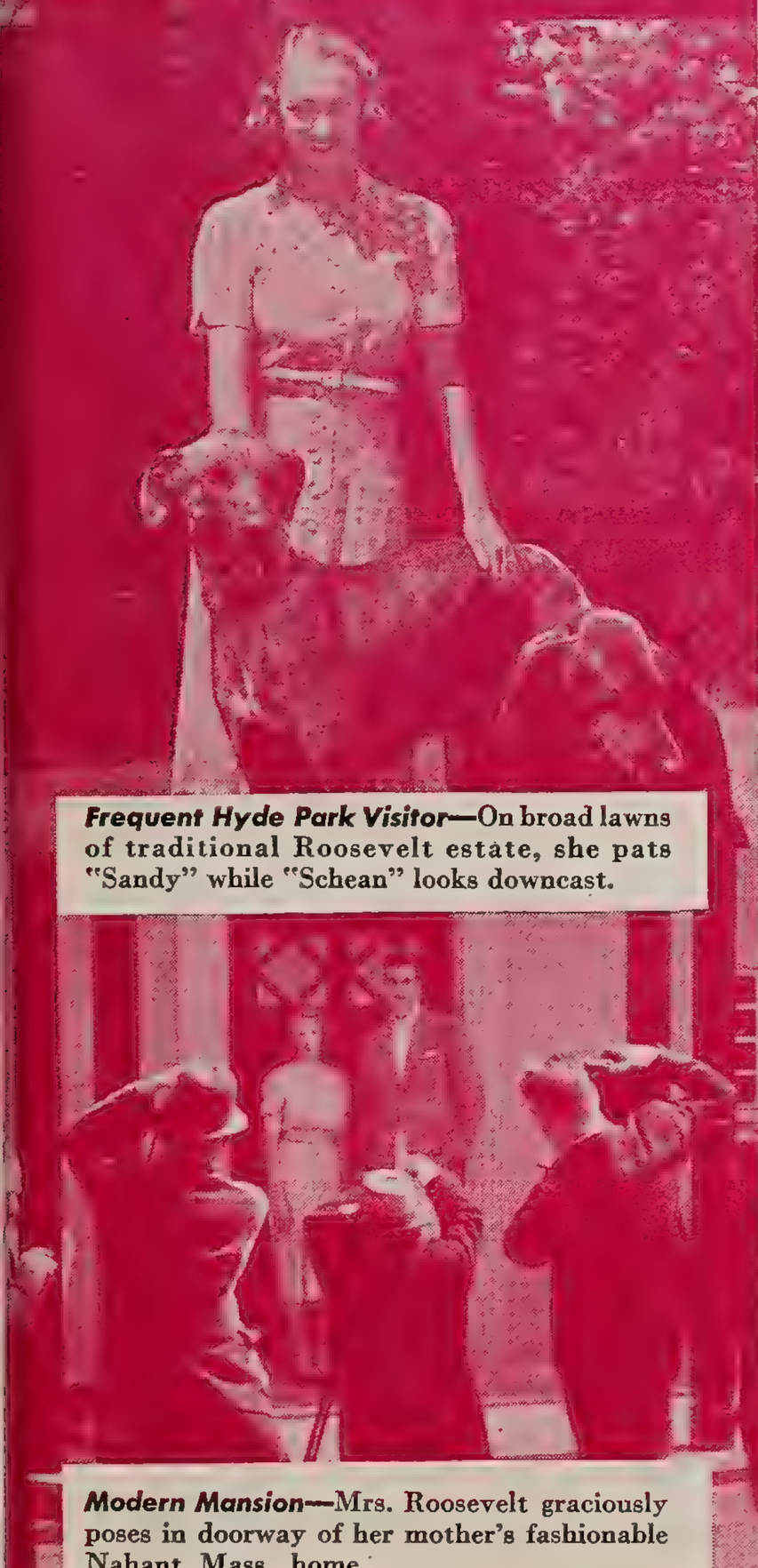
Many of radio's best actors have appeared in Second Husband at one time or another, but here are the regulars—the members of the cast who are in nearly every week's broadcast: Joe Curtin as Grant Cummings, the "second husband," Carleton Young as Bill Cummings, his brother, Arline Francis as Marion Jennings, Brenda's secretary, William Podmore as Edwards, the butler, Jay Jostyn as Ben Porter, and Janice Gilbert and Tommy Donnelly as Fran and Dick, Brenda's two children. During broadcasts, all the actors sit in a line across the stage, like old-time minstrels, getting up and walking to the microphone on their cues.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BABS—the feminine third of the Smoothies vocal trio, on Hal Kemp's Time to Shine, CBS at 10:00 tonight. Her real name is Arlene Johnson, and she's a Minneapolis girl. She came to New York to sing with the Twin City Foursome, but after some time of working on unsponsored programs the Foursome broke up, and Arlene, discouraged, went back to Minneapolis. She'd hardly left New York when the Smoothies, Charlie and Little, began trying to find her, wanting to offer her a job with them. One of Arlene's friends heard of the search and told them where she was—and she's been the Smoothies' Babs ever since.

Among the Social Lights—BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.

Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."

Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cre Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cre (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and different shades of Pond's Face Powde enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

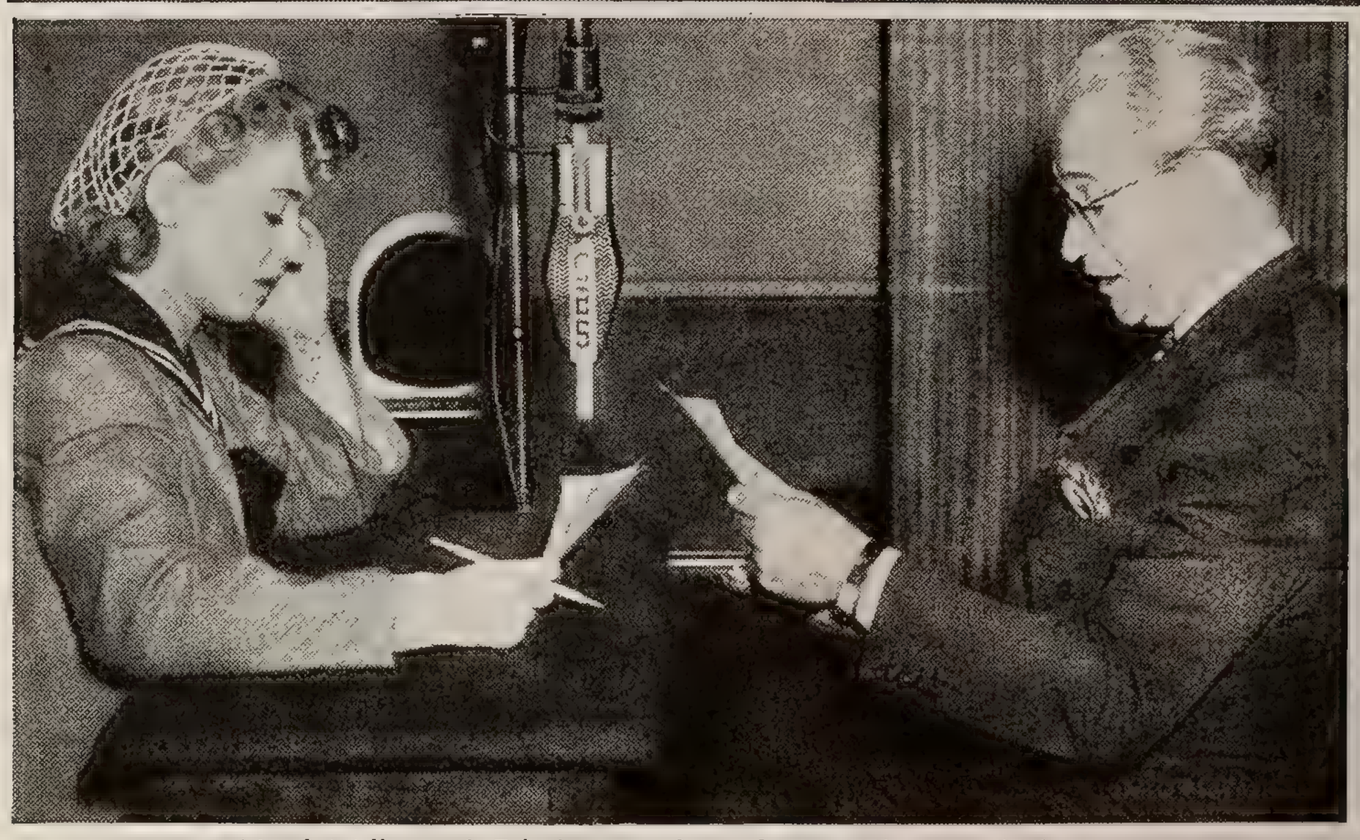
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Comp

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Four Showmen**
			NBC-Red: **Do Your Remember**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwel.**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Meet the Dixons**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Donna Curtis**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			2:00
	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Roy Shield Revue**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **People's Platform**
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Phil Baker**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER** (Sept. 13)
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **What's My Name**
			9:30
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **George Jessel**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Noel Mills and Ed Jerome broadcast When a Girl Marries.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 30, September 6, 13 and 20!

August 30: Abe Lyman's band opens at the Chez Paree in Chicago, and NBC is right there with a wire to bring you the music.

September 6: Have you listened yet to Meet the Dixons, starring Barbara Weeks and Dick Widmark, on CBS every day at 9:15 A.M.?

Septembe. 13: That good variety show, the Texaco Star Theater, is back tonight on CBS at 9:00, with Frances Langford, Kenny Baker, and Ken Murray.

September 20: Most of America's radios will be tuned in tonight to the championship fight in Detroit between Joe Louis and Bob Pastor. Bill Stern announces, and the right wave-length is that of your nearest NBC station.

ON THE AIR TODAY: When a Girl Marries, by Elaine Sterne Carrington, on CBS at 12:15 today and every day except Saturday and Sunday, sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Company.

The average person can't understand how a writer can turn out a daily serial script, day after day, year in and year out, with never a break. Elaine Sterne Carrington has reduced the whole job to a science. She works from Monday morning through Thursday noon, starting at seven in the morning, not doing just one script a day, but trying to do as many in one working day as she can. She keeps about three weeks ahead of the broadcasting studio at all times—that is, the episode of When a Girl Marries that you hear today was written by her three weeks ago. Besides When a Girl Marries, of course, she also writes Pepper Young's Family.

An exceedingly vigorous person, Mrs. Carrington hates to lie in bed late in the mornings, but when occasionally she gets behind in her work she forces herself to stay there, dictating to her secretary, until she has caught up. It's a form of self-discipline.

All of her scripts are dictated by Mrs. Carrington to a secretary, typed out and then gone over once more by the author; then mailed from her Long Island home to the advertising agency in New York which produces the program. All summer long Mrs. Carrington stays at her country home on Long Island, refusing flatly to come to town. In the winter she and her husband and two children, Patricia and Bobby, move to their house in Brooklyn. Mr. Carrington is a prominent New York attorney, and the two children, 14 and 10, are editors of their own magazine, "The Jolly Roger," which has a subscription list of 300, mostly to celebrities. Other important members of the Carrington country home are the police dog Flash, the cat Red Davis, and a young goat named Alcibiades, who loves to eat cigarette butts.

In New York, when Mrs. Carrington's scripts arrive, they are interpreted by a cast that includes Noel Mills as Joan Field; Joan Tetzel as her sister, Sylvia; Irene Winston as Eve Topping, Joan's best friend; John Raby as her sweetheart, Harry Davis; Ed Jerome and Frances Woodbury as her father and mother; Marion Barney as Mrs. Davis; Bill Quinn as Tom Davis, and Michael Fitzmaurice as Phil Stanley—who is the closest thing to a villain When a Girl Marries has. There isn't much melodrama in Mrs. Carrington's plots, because she believes in real-life characters who might be the people next door.

Noel Mills, Joan Tetzel and Irene Winston are three of radio's prettiest young actresses, and having them all in one program creates a field-day for CBS studio attaches. At any rehearsal you'd be surprised at the number of technicians, engineers, page boys and even vice presidents who find errands to take them into Studio 3.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JOAN BANKS—the beautiful blonde star of This Day Is Ours, the CBS serial heard at 1:45 this afternoon and every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. To her role of Eleanor MacDonald, Joan brings both radio and stage experience. On the air she has played with Helen Menken and Kate Smith, and in Her Honor, Nancy James. Joan is a native New Yorker, and has lived in Westchester County since she was two. She drives her own car to and from the studios in New York every day. Beneath those blonde tresses there's a substantial store of brains—she's a student of philosophy in spare time.

MODESS ANNOUNCES NEW COMFORT FOR YOU..."MOISTURE ZONING!"

Women have always had this haunting worry when wearing a sanitary napkin—"Am I all right?" They've had to ask friends, or seek a mirror to be sure. Could a napkin be devised which would help to relieve that worry?

Women have often had this discomfort—a chafing when walking or dancing—because the moist outer edges of the napkin rubbed against tender flesh. Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay dry for a longer time?

Scientists set to work to defeat these two handicaps to women's freedom and comfort. Experiment followed experiment. Test followed test. At last, after years of research . . . a discovery and its perfection . . .!

Today—Miracle Modess! At any dealer's, you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique new feature—"Moisture Zoning"—acts to *zone* moisture—hold it inside the pad. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

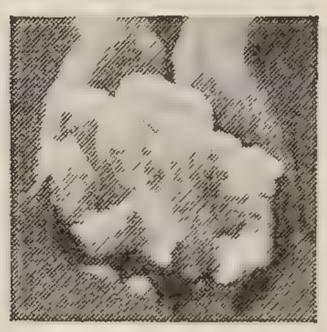
Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler makes it SOFTER. Its "Moisture Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And in addition, Modess is SAFER. For "Moisture Zoning" gives greater absorbency—and this, with Modess' moisture-resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.

AGAIN MODESS IS FIRST!

FIRST WITH "FLUFF-TYPE" FILLER

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—Modess *starts* softer and *stays* softer.



FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING

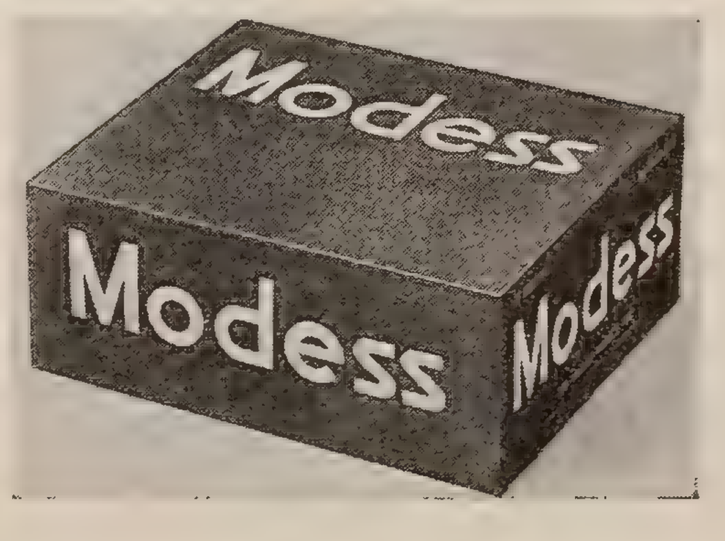
Modess was first to use a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material, to guard against striking through.

NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad so you'll wear back AWAY from body.

AND NOW FIRST WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Modess again is first—with "Moisture-Zoning," which keeps edges of napkin dry and chafe-free longer than ever before. Get Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.



Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
			9:00
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Meet the Dixons**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Donna Curtis**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **American Life**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
			2:00
	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Rhythm Auction**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		4:30	NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **March of Games**
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: **The Parker Family** (Aug. 31)
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
			7:30
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Joe E. Brown**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Joy Orch.**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Ask it Basket**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE**
			8:30
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Strange as it Seems**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **It's Up to You**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Toronto Symphony**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Good News** (Sept.7)
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Workshop Festival**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Bill Demling, Frank Gill, Paula Winslowe, Joe, and Harry Sosnick.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 31, September 7, 14 and 21 !

August 31: The CBS Workshop play festival, at 10:00 tonight, has something extra special —an original play by poetess-wit Dorothy Parker, called "Apartment to Let."

September 7: The new season really gets under way, as the Maxwell House program returns tonight, with Baby Snooks, Connie Boswell, and Meredith Willson's orchestra, all on NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . Florence George is the guest star on tonight's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . Tony Galento bares his chest and fights Lou Nova tonight in Philadelphia, with Bill Stern describing the fight over NBC. . . . Ted Husing brings you the first day of the National Singles Tennis Championship matches, on CBS.

September 14: Don't forget John Hix's Strange as it Seems on CBS at 8:30 tonight.

September 21: Better listen to Rudy Vallee tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red—this is his next-to-last broadcast for a long, long time.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Joe E. Brown, on CBS at 7:30, Eastern Daylight Time, and 7:30, Pacific Standard Time, sponsored by Post Toasties.

Here's a gay and frankly slapstick show that has anticipated television to such an extent that the cavernous-mouthed Joe E. Brown sometimes dresses up for the broadcast. To watch him cavorting around the stage of the CBS Vine Street Theater in Hollywood, wearing a red shirt and a blonde wig in his attempt to look like Cigarette, the sweetheart of the regiment, is to be dissatisfied forever after with mere sound radio.

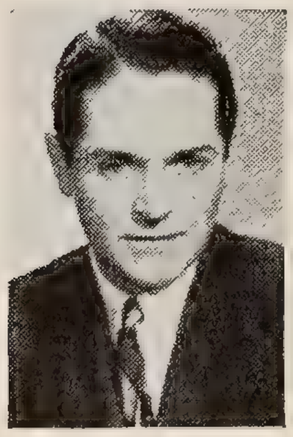
All the comedy scripts for Joe are written by Frank Gill and Bill Demling, assisted by Carl Heinzinger and Joe Twerp. Crazy as they are on the air—for they also broadcast on the show—Gill and Demling are really a canny pair of business men, and this year celebrate their twelfth anniversary of successful radio partnership. They write according to rules they've laid down for themselves: no "home work" or shop talk at home, no unnecessary night-long or week-end sessions of work, but a businesslike schedule of office hours.

They're always working on two programs at once—the one they complete on Friday and broadcast the following Thursday, and the script that's begun on that same Friday and developed during the following week. It sounds complicated, and would be for anyone less methodical than they.

Sometimes Joe can't be cornered to do any rehearsing because he's busy at a movie studio. That's an old Hollywood difficulty, and long ago the producers of this program figured out a way to avoid trouble with it. As it happens, Joe has worked so long with Gill and Demling that he knows just about how they want their lines to sound when he reads them. So a stand-in for Joe attends the rehearsals, while Joe himself studies his script at home and on the movie lot, and is letter perfect by the time he arrives for his broadcast. It's nice work if you can do it. You've probably wondered who some of the other actors are in the comedy sketches, but it should be no surprise to learn that they're those stand-bys of so many programs originating in Hollywood —Paula Winslowe, Lurene Tuttle, Gale Gordon, Blanche Stewart, Frank Nelson.

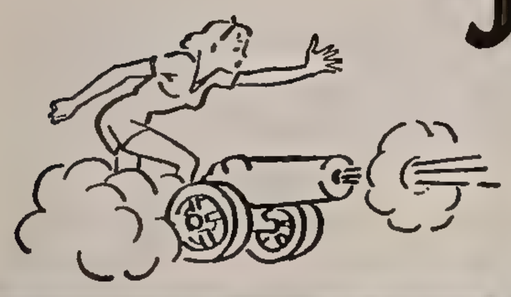
Joe E. Brown's local fans can have a double dose of his foolishness if they like, because his broadcast always has a "preview" before a regular studio audience on Tuesday, two days before the program itself. The preview, in its general outline, is much like the completed show, but there are always a lot of minor changes and additions made between Tuesday and Thursday.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



ALEXANDER KIRKLAND—who has played the role of a doctor on the stage and on the air so much he can almost swap shop-talk with any real physician. His greatest stage success was as the hero of the play, "Men in White," and now he is Dr. Halliday in Life and Love of Dr. Susan, on CBS this afternoon at 2:15. Alexander—known as Bill to his friends—was born in Mexico City, of Spanish and Irish parents, and stayed there until he was 14 years old, when he came to America for school. He always wanted to be an actor, but had to persuade his parents first. He's been in the movies, with Norma Shearer and others.

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"Join the Revolt aqainst Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!"

"Trust to youth to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, *waxy* creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!"

"Why cling to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!*"

"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, *waxy* creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin."

Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for *you?*

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

FOR the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are*... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test"!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—*a second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your YOUTH!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Meet the Dixons**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
10:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Donna Curtis**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Women in a Changing World**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			2:00
	12:00	1:00	CBS. **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Women in America**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
	12:30	1:30	CBS **Your Family and Mine**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:05
		5:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
			7:30
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			8:00
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Joe Penner** (Sept. 6)
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Bob Ripley**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

First Nighter Bret Morrison, Les Tremayne and Barbara Luddy.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 25, September 1, 8, 15 and 22!

August 25: Both CBS and NBC broadcast the Women's National Open Golf Championship matches this afternoon. . . . Blue Barron's orchestra opens at the Terrace Beach Club, Virginia Beach, on CBS. . . . Woody Herman and his great band open at the Glen Island Casino, replacing Glen Miller, broadcasting on NBC.

September 1: Just for tonight, you can hear Artie Shaw playing from Hershey Park, Pa., over CBS. . . . Glen Gray opens at the Canadian National Exposition, broadcasting on MBS and NBC.

September 8: If you wanna buy a duck, the person to apply to is Mr. Joe Penner, who returns to the air tonight at 8:30 over NBC-Blue.

September 15: Johnny Presents, on CBS at 8:30, is a bright variety show for tonight.

September 22: After a long run, Death Valley Days goes off the NBC air. Tonight—9:30 on NBC-Red—is its last broadcast.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Campana's First Nighter, starring Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne, on CBS at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Time.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1930, the First Nighter program had its initial broadcast. Since then, except for one very short summer period when the entire cast were granted vacations at the same time, "Mr. First Nighter" has transported his audience once each week through the teeming Broadway throngs to the mythical "Little Theater off Times Square" where they have heard the debut of an original play.

In the nine years the program has been on the air, all scripts have been bought in the open market, many of them from wholly unknown writers. This in itself would be enough to set First Nighter apart from other radio shows, nearly all of which are written to order by experienced authors. If you'd like to try your hand at doing a half-hour play for Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne, write to Aubrey, Moore, and Wallace, Inc., 230 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and they'll send you suggestions for meeting their requirements.

When the scripts come in to the agency they are submitted at once to an impartial play jury which reads them without knowing the author's name, thus assuring an equal chance for the established writer and the newcomer who has not previously had his work accepted. Plays that the jury selects are turned over to Joe Ainley, producer of the program.

At a First Nighter rehearsal you're likely to see Barbara Luddy and Bret Morrison (who is "Mr. First Nighter") appearing in riding clothes. Both are enthusiastic about riding, and recently Bret presented Barbara with a horse of her own. Barbara usually perches on a high stool at the microphone, which makes her look tinier than she actually is, and Les Tremayne stands behind her, usually with a hand on her shoulder, reading from the same script. Other members of the cast (who usually change from week to week) use a different microphone.

Les, like Barbara, is an outdoor enthusiast, and comes to rehearsals in all kinds of sports outfits. One of his interests is aviation, and now and then he appears in flying togs. And usually, because he is an ardent collector of rare books, he will have a newly acquired volume with him.

Everybody on the program takes his or her duties rather seriously. After all, they remember, it was the First Nighter that launched such stars as Don Ameche and Gale Page, and it was on this program that Mme. Schumann-Heink did her first dramatic role—which led to a movie contract. With such high marks to shoot at, the cast doesn't let down for a minute.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JACK JOHNSTONE—the director and writer of the dramatic portion of tonight's Johnny Presents program, CBS at 8:30. Jack was born in Vineland, N. J., in 1906, and studied abnormal psychology in college. Until 1929 he worked as an executive in a hospital for the insane, but was offered a chance to do radio production instead, and accepted. Buck Rogers was one of his first shows, and he is still producing it, as well as the dramas on both Johnny Presents programs. He likes golf, fishing, tennis and bridge, collects miniature liquor bottles and flintlock pistols; has one wife, one child, and one dog.

Why Be a Flop as a Hostess?

(*Continued from page* 17)

won't fit into a good time—who just stand around like sticks until they get on everyone else's nerves and *nobody* can relax?"

I've had my tussles with them in my years as a hostess, too. But the reason my parties are successes is that I won't let anyone spoil them. I know how to handle those frozen-faced bozos. Before every party I buy a few good popular novels and some tickets to the movies. When I see anyone who looks as if he isn't enjoying himself I go up to him and say:

"Now, Mr. Brown, I know just how you feel. You're not enjoying yourself one bit. Which would you rather do—go home to bed with a good book, or go see that simply marvelous movie down the street?"

Perhaps that's too drastic a method for you to use—it isn't for me, but I'll admit I can see drawbacks to it. But, if you're giving a dinner party, you can dispose of people like that just as easily. Don't make the mistake of putting a bore next at table to a lively person—put all the bores together, and then they'll be so busy boring each other they'll have a wonderful time.

EVEN better—don't invite people you don't want to invite. If you owe some couple a dinner, but don't want to ruin your party by having them there, simply call up a caterer and order a good dinner sent in to them. No use having them come to your house and spoil the fun.

Fun! That's the word you've got to remember. And don't ever let the dignity or importance of your guests make you forget it. The most imposing people in the world like to act silly now and then.

I've entertained celebrated people and royalty all over the world—me, plain Elsa Maxwell!—and I've always found that they're really easier to entertain than Mrs. Jones next door. And, although it's the elaborate and expensive parties that get into the newspapers, these celebrities can have just as good a time at a cheap one.

The most successful party I ever gave was in London, in 1920. Those present were Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Noel Coward and Princess Helena Victoria, the daughter of Queen Victoria.

And it cost me just thirteen shillings sixpence. In other words, three and a half bucks.

That was all I could afford. I was living in a couple of rooms which were actually the top half of a stable and carriage shed. Some friends had loaned them to me. I happened to meet Princess Helena Victoria and she was a sweet and charming lady of about fifty-five, so in a moment of insanity I invited her to dinner.

What a spot I was in when I came to my senses! All I had in the world was the three-fifty, and to make things worse the Princess sent her lady in waiting to find out from me all the details of the dinner. Was it formal or informal, and things like that.

I did some of the best double-talking I've ever done in my life, and the lady in waiting finally left feeling pretty vague about the whole thing. Then I sent out for coffee, some eggs

(*Continued on page* 53)

"SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"

SUSAN: "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

MATILDA: "It *is*, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"

SUSAN: "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

MATILDA: "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* make *all* the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
			8:45
			NBC-Blue: **Tony, Juanita, Buddy**
			9:00
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
		8:05	NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Fidler's Fancy**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.**
			9:25
		8:25	CBS: **News**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Hill Billy Champions**
			9:45
		8:45	NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Morin Sisters**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
			10:15
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Barry McKinley**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dorian Quartet**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Ross Trio**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red. **Chautauqua Symphony**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Romanelli Orchestra**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Melodies**
			12:30 P.M.
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **What Price America**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Morton Franklin Orch.**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Kinney Orch.**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Indiana Indigo**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Roy Eldridge Orch.**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Laval Orchestra**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Summertime Swing**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Bruce Baker Orch.**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
			6:05
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: **Instrumentalists**
2:05	4:05	5:05	NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **This Week in Washington**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Art of Living**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Americans at Work**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **County Seat**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **From Hollywood Today**
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Brent House**
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
7:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Vox Pop**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler Plays**
			9:45
5:45	7:45	8:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Benny Goodman**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Arch Oboler directs Ann Shepherd and Raymond Edward Johnson.

Tune-In Bulletin for August 26, September 2, 9, 16 and 23!

August 26: The Newport Casino Invitation Tennis finals are on NBC-Blue today, with Bill Stern describing them. . . . CBS has Ted Husing describing the finals of the National Doubles Tennis matches from the Longwood Cricket Club.

September 2: Labor Day week-end—the last holiday of the summer—starts today. . . . And to celebrate there are: Air races—the National air races from Cleveland, on NBC. Horse races—Saratoga Cup in New York, over CBS from 4:30 to 5:00.

September 9: Harry James and his band open tonight at the Sherman Hotel's College Inn in Chicago, with a CBS wire.

September 16: CBS has Ted Husing talking from the North Shore Country Club near Chicago, where the National Amateur Golf playoffs are being held.

September 23: Art Mooney and his orchestra open at the Henry Grady hotel in Atlanta, broadcasting on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Arch Oboler's Plays, on NBC-Red at 9:30, written and directed by Arch Oboler.

NBC really took Shakespeare seriously when it began this series of dramatic half-hours. In it, "The play's the thing," and no mistake. Some of radio's most original and provocative writing goes into the unsponsored thirty minutes between 9:30 and 10:00 tonight.

Arch Oboler first gained fame as the writer of the spooky Lights Out series at midnight on NBC. Hollywood was impressed, and gathered him to its bosom—but Arch soon broke loose and returned to New York, where he is perfectly happy writing and directing a play a week. He could make a lot more money in the movie capital, but he prefers to stay where he can write exactly what he wants to write.

There's never any doubt in his mind about how he wants his plays produced, either. A mild-mannered and comfortable sort of person away from a radio studio, he becomes a stern taskmaster at rehearsals. Actors in his plays soon learn to leave at home their ideas of how a part should be done. Arch knows how *he* wants it done, and that's enough. He's always right, too, as you'll agree when you listen to one of his perfect productions.

Other writers and many an actor listen in religiously every Saturday night, and famous actress Nazimova was so impressed that after turning down many a guest starring spot on the air she called Oboler and asked him to let her be in one of his plays. She wouldn't take a fee, either.

Time means nothing to Arch. Seeing that his program doesn't run past the allotted half-hour is the only detail to which he pays no attention; that's the job of NBC production engineer Whitney, who holds the stop watch. Usually, though, the play has been rehearsed so carefully that it runs off exactly on time. Arch is passionately interested in musical background and sound effects. Muriel Pollack, the NBC staff musician who supplies organ music for the plays, is so well-educated in the literature of music that she can think of a phrase or a melody for any mood Arch wants to create, and play it off from memory for him to hear. Frequently he demands sound effects that the technicians have never been required to create before, and probably never will again. For instance, once he wanted the sound of a person being turned inside out. They finally solved that by stripping a wet rubber glove off a man's hand, held close to the microphone.

Not a very tall man, Arch likes to direct rehearsals standing on top of a table. He won't permit any studio audiences—says they distract the actors and the director.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

LUCILLE LONG—the brown-haired, blue-eyed contralto on tonight's National Barn Dance, NBC-Blue at 9:00. Lucille is the daughter of a Copley, Ohio, physician, and studied organ, piano and voice when she was a child. She detests strawberries and red nail polish—because the first money she ever earned was picking strawberries. She has sung on the air in London, Madrid and Paris, and is still studying music under two teachers, one popular and one classical—and though she prefers classical music she thinks the popular variety is improving. She often rehearses while she's riding in a bus or taxicab.

(*Continued from page* 51)

to hard boil, some cheese sandwiches and some bottles of beer. Beer and cheese for the Princess Victoria! But I couldn't afford caviar.

Then I telephoned Beatrice Lillie, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. They were friends of mine, and in those days they weren't very well known, but they were never dull. I knew I could depend on them to help me keep things moving.

Well, the Princess arrived in state, just as I was in the midst of boiling eggs and making coffee. In between, I'd rush over to the piano and sing a song, or play something. Then, when the coffee was about to boil over, I'd rush back to the stove and Noel or Gertie or Bea would have a go at the piano.

But the Princess was swell. She'd never been out after eleven o'clock in all her life, and she stayed until three in the morning. I think she must have enjoyed herself.

A good way to tell how your party is going, incidentally, is by the time the guests start to leave. If they stay until midnight you're doing all right. If they stay until two, you've really got something. If they don't go home until six, your party's a sensation!

WITH Princess Victoria I didn't even have to go through the zero-hour that afflicts almost all parties. That's the first few minutes of the evening. You know—after all the guests have arrived and you're wondering how to get things started.

Just remember this. People coming to a party still have the haze of their day's work around them. You have to cut through that haze and get them to be human again.

Suppose, for instance, you invited the postmaster of your town to a party. One way to break the ice with him would be to go up and say:

"Hello, Harry. Have you read any good post-cards lately?" That ought to knock him off his dignity.

The important thing at all parties is to get everybody feeling easy with everybody else—get the starch out of some of the stuffed shirts. If you have to invite people who are on the stuffy side, then give a costume party. Stuffy people always look better stuffed into a costume, anyhow.

Men, of course, hate costume parties—that is, most of them do. I realize that, and so once when I gave a very large party at a New York hotel I didn't say anything about costumes in the invitations. I simply had the lights turned out after the party had got under way, and in the darkness handed everyone a costume made of crepe paper, telling them to put them on. When the lights went up again everyone was in costume and wearing a mask. The men couldn't find their own wives, but they certainly had fun looking.

There's really no excuse for you if you can't give a party that's fun. It's so easy! Because money has absolutely nothing to do with the success of a party. What really counts is the spirit you put into it. With the right spirit and a few dollars your party will be a success. With the wrong spirit and a million dollars—it's bound to be a flop!

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"

How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor

1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well... if it isn't our new mother... Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?

ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.

2. NEIGHBOR: Why... what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?

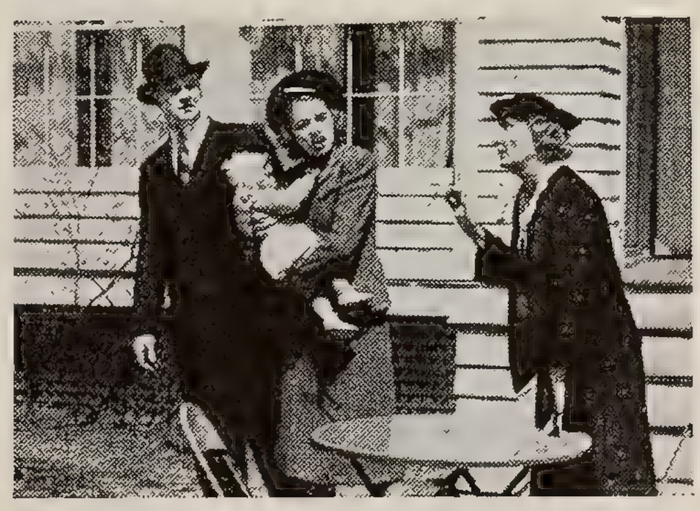
ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me... I'm following *modern* methods.

3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!

ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care... all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.

4. NEIGHBOR: *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!

ESTHER: It is *not!* If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods... it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!

6. BOB: Oh boy!... you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria... but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?

ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it... the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME

ABOUT THIS MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI BEFORE?

It saves me time and work, has a much better sauce than I can make

● "I always cooked my own spaghetti until I discovered Franco-American. But now we have Franco-American all the time and love it. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce has the one I used to make beaten a mile. Imagine, they actually use *eleven* different ingredients in it!"

Yes, *eleven!* Luscious tomato puree, brimming with garden-fresh flavor. Selected Cheddar cheese from America's finest dairies. Savory spices and seasonings subtly blended to give delicate, piquant flavor. And you can enjoy this superb spaghetti *any* time, at a moment's notice. No cooking or fussing, simply heat.

Serve Franco-American as main dish or side dish. Combine with left-overs and less expensive meat cuts. A can holding three to four portions costs only 10c. Here's a "millionaire's dish" *for less than 3c a portion!* Order now!

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Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Woman in Love

(*Continued from page* 15)

had been for a brief space their mother's second husband. Jesse, for this experience of wedded happiness, was supposedly paying his recent wife forty dollars a week. Tamara now learned that he was not doing so with that regularity that Willette considered her right.

"I oughtn't to do this," Mrs. Todhunter murmured, breaking a date from a block that was still half wrapped in paper. "I'm going out with Ray. Poor fellow; he's trying awfully hard to get a job."

"That'll leave Tamara alone then," Coral said. "D'you care? Or are you tired and want to go to bed?"

"I really am tired." Tamara made herself finish a bowl of canned soup and felt better. Her heart trembled at the thought that they would let her be alone the first night, but the hot food reinforced her courage, and she could smile. Of course they didn't love her; they hardly knew her.

PRESENTLY, Coral was dressing; their mother, magnificent in a smart hat with a whorl of aigret about it, a loose beaded black silk coat, and high-heeled shoes with white kid saddles and toes, was just leaving. She walked mincingly in the tight shoes; her rather full soft face was carefully made up now, and she looked quite handsome.

"Got any money, Coral?"

"Got a five, but it's all I have got."

"I have money," said Tamara. "There, in my bag. Aunt Tee used to send me an allowance, and I never used it."

"I'll see you get this back at the end of the week," Mrs. Todhunter said. "And I wouldn't go out tonight but that this man—he used to be a good friend of your father, he's one of the best managers in America today—is feeling so down and out. Tell Lance, if he makes coffee, we'll have to have another pound. Good-bye, girls, be good, now. It's nice to have you home again, Tam."

After she was gone, Tamara, half sitting and half lounging on the bed, asked her sister, simply:

"What do we live on, Coral?"

"Oh, everything," Coral answered vaguely, painting her fingernails carefully with crimson. "I'm probably going to begin rehearsing on Monday."

"That's fun!" the younger sister said, brightening.

"It's no part at all; I oughtn't take it," Coral said absently. "But I'll get sixty a week, and it all helps."

"Sixty a *week*!"

"That isn't so much. When I was in pictures," Coral mused on, squinting at her bunched fingertips, "I got two hundred and fifty. If Jesse'd only pay up we could at least pay the rent!" she added.

"Are we behindhand with the rent?"

"Only about four months. And there are people in this house that haven't paid for a year," Coral said. "Oh, Lord, there's Houston!" she exclaimed, as there was a sudden ring at the doorbell. "Go and talk to him!"

Tamara obediently went into the sitting room and did her best to talk to Mr. Houston Hickey. She saw instantly that she bored him terribly and that he preferred absorption in his own thoughts to anything she could say.

It seemed forever until Coral came out, stunning in rouge, jewels, black velvet.

"Houston, you met my sister?" Coral said.

"Listen," the man said, rising, "this party isn't at the Spreckles', you know."

"Well, what you want me to look like? One of the waitresses?" Coral countered promptly. They went away without a good-night to Tamara; she could hear them squabbling as the elevator jerked its heavy way downstairs. Almost immediately afterward, while she was trying to decide between going to bed and writing a long letter to Mother Laurence, and determined that whichever she did she positively would not cry, her brother came in. He wanted nothing but black coffee.

"I have certainly got a lollapalooza," he muttered, putting his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. "I was taking a girl to dinner—suddenly the whole thing went bla-a-a."

"Oh, too bad!" Tamara said, from the other end of the kitchen table, where she sat watching him, her chin in her palms. Could Lance possibly mean that he had been drinking? she thought nervously.

"I started this yesterday. When I met you at the ferry today I couldn't stand up, that's God's truth," Lance said.

"I'm so sorry!"

"Where's Ma?"

"She went out to meet some man named Ray."

"That's right; she had a date. Coral go out?"

"With Mr. Hickey."

"Hickey, huh? What j'ou think of him?"

"Not much," Tamara said briefly, and Lance laughed.

"Coral says she may begin rehearsals Monday."

"In what?" he asked skeptically.

"She didn't say."

I'LL bet she didn't say! If she lands anything in three years I'm in the wet-wash business!" Lance said amusedly.

"Oh, Lance, why?"

"Because she can't act—she can't act—she can't act!" the man said.

"Coral can't?"

"Naw-w-w. Never could. She's got a pretty face, that's all she's got. Her voice don't screen worth a cent."

"Oh, I didn't know that," Tamara said, dashed. "I thought—I thought—and Coral can't act? I'm so sorry!"

"None of us can act," Lance said, impatiently, darkly. "When Coral gets on the stage she's rotten—she's *lousy*."

"She *thinks* she can act," Tamara submitted anxiously.

"Oh, sure, we all think we can!" Lance said. "Except me, I don't," he added. "Barker said to me the other day, 'Lance, I'll be damned if you aren't the only one I know in the profession who knows how rotten he is!' That's why," Lance ended simply, "I always can get a part."

"Oh, can you?" Tamara said, tremendously relieved. Lance could get parts, anyway! "Are you playing in anything now, Lance; have you a job?"

Lance glanced up. His handsome young face was flushed and dark; he scowled faintly over his coffee cup.

"I could have," he said.

"Oh, well then, that's all right!" Tamara said. Instead of answering her, her brother looked at her steadily for some minutes, with his eyes a little sunken in his colorless face.

"What j'come home for?" he asked. Tamara widened her eyes; her color fluctuated a little.

"Why—why, I graduated," she offered, a cold wind again blowing over her heart. "What—what else could I do?"

"I say, what j' you come home for?" Lance repeated, in drunkenly quiet stubbornness. It was as if he were challenging her and she trying to evade him.

"Well—Mother wrote me to. I mean, it was taken for granted, wasn't it?"

"And you're always going to do what you're told to do, is that it?" Lance continued, in the same quietly contemptuous manner. Tamara had never seen an intoxicated man at such close range before, and she felt a little frightened and a little sick. But almost immediately Lance locked his arms before him on the table, and was saying, "Oh, my God, it's all so damn' silly!" put his head down comfortably and began to snore.

THE morning came in with fresh blankets of fog, and Tamara, awakening, lay staring about her cautiously; a move might rouse either her mother or her sister; she was anxious not to disturb them. An hour went by: they both slept on soundly.

In her thoughts Tamara was writing a letter to Mother Laurence. "Don't think I've forgotten, dearest, dearest Reverend Mother, all that you told me about the realest duty being the nearest one, and the influence of one single fine life being like a lighted lamp. But when all one's family is older, entirely set in their different ways, quite satisfied with vulgarity and cheating and dirtiness and laziness and disorder . . ."

She could not quite say that, of course. She must soften the story somehow for sheer pride. But she could at least give Reverend Mother a pretty good idea of the situation. And then, perhaps Mother Laurence would send for her, let her be assistant German instructress, perhaps.

But, she never wrote that particular letter for, amazingly, the day slipped by, and the next day, and the one after that. The idle summer days blended together for Tamara, and she lost track of them. Sunday was no lazier than the others; they were all formless and empty and yet oddly pleasant. The four members of the Todhunter household slept as late as they liked, they dawdled over breakfast interminably, sometimes joined by friends who like themselves were in the most fascinating and maddening of the professions, and sometimes alone. For a while Tamara attempted to keep the kitchen in some sort of order; but very soon she gave it up and let matters drift as the others did. Mushrooms and blackberries, broilers and figs and artichokes came home from Willette's casual marketing tours and were cooked and eaten exactly when and how the individual member chose. Nobody ever criticized another's management, and nobody expected anything but the slipshod,

"Thirty days has September"

—But it took Midol to make Betty's calendar agree with the rhyme!

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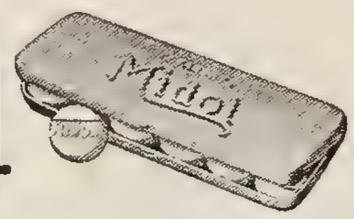

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easy system upon which Willette's house was run.

In spite of herself Tamara was absorbed in the new atmosphere, and presently she began to enjoy it. There was nothing wrong, she told her convent-trained conscience, in disorder and irregularity, and if one had absolutely nothing to do there was no reason for one's jumping out of bed for a cold plunge and exercise every morning at seven.

The theatrical underworld made use of the house, and she enjoyed contact with it, too. Chorus girls, indigent old actresses, ambitious youngsters looking for their first parts, all came and went easily in the crowded little rooms, and Tamara listened to them all and watched them all.

DOLORES QUINN came downstairs one day, and Tamara had the other angle of the picture. For Dolores was unquestionably as established and successful as these others were vague and unplaced. Just why the actress should choose to live in the Valhalla in rooms like their own, Tamara could not understand, but evidently Dolores was well pleased with her apartment on the ninth floor. She had a husband, a linoleum salesman of astonishing beauty; Tamara had seen him sometimes in the halls and had supposed him to be nothing short of a star. But no, Leander could not act for an elk's tooth, Dolores admitted frankly. She was six years older than he; she was in fact much older than Tamara had supposed her to be from her pictures, but in her middle thirties she had an enthusiastic public and a long contract, and she found no fault with the world.

Dolores did not like Coral, but she grew very fond of Tamara, and laughed at her, and invited her to her dressing room. Tamara had the thrill of watching a play from the wings, and of having tea with the star on matinee afternoons.

One of the agreeable features of the Todhunters' home regime was that no one either knew or cared at what hours the members of the family came or went. Tamara could stay in bed all day, working cross-word puzzles and poring over movie and stage magazines, and no one commented, much less criticized.

So she could loiter in Dolores's dressing room as long as she liked on a winter afternoon. The price of this privilege was the obligation to profess an unbounded admiration for Dolores's talents and to display an unlimited interest in Dolores's affairs.

In the early winter after Tamara's return home, Dolores had a real success in "Romance," and Tamara could honestly be enthusiastic. Dolores had always dreamed of playing Juliet, the Duke of Reichstadt, and Magda; now she redoubled her importunities to Markisohn to be given the chance at one or all of these plays.

"You'd be marvelous in 'L'Aiglon,' Dory," Tamara said.

"Well, I don't know whether I would or not," Dolores said modestly, frowning at her image in the mirror as she carefully creamed her face. "I'm funny, like that. Until I'm actually on the stage the opening night I'm scared to death!"

"Of all people to be scared!" Tamara said amusedly.

"Yes, you are scared, Dory. You'd show 'em how scared you were if anyone tried to cut out ten lines of your part!" Maynard Mallory said.

Maynard was in pictures. He had come up to San Francisco from Hollywood especially to see his old friend Dolores in her success; Tamara had met him several times. Without being a sensational film favorite himself he was well known; his name was always listed first after the big stars. He supported at various times the best of the women favorites and played leads in "all-star" productions; he had the usual affectations when he was talking with persons of his own profession, but aside from that he was genuinely simple and amusing and friendly, and Tamara liked him.

"When you going to give Tam here a part?" Mayne asked.

Dolores glanced at her in the mirror.

"Whenever she wants it," she said, in a voice rather cooled by the change of topic.

"Which will be a long time," Tamara laughed.

"Don't like the stage?" Maynard asked, arching his dark brows as he raised both fine hands to his mouth, lighting a cigarette.

"Well—too many people in it—" Tamara stammered, laughing and flushing.

"Yes, but you can say that about anything. The thing is," the man said, "that with your face you'd be wonderful in pictures. And you have a short nose, turned up a little. That's one thing you've *got* to have."

"Not turned up much," Tamara protested, studying it in a big hand mirror.

"I want that when you're through with it," Dolores said, bored. Tamara was quick to sense her change of mood.

"Sandwiches?" she asked, reaching for the telephone.

"I can't. I went to that devilish lunch. I'm stuffed."

"I'm starving," Mayne said. "I'll take Tamara to dinner." He kissed the top of Dolores's head for goodbye.

TAMARA and Mayne walked out through the empty, echoing theater, into a grimy, late-afternoon street upon which papers and chaff were idly blowing in a cool November wind.

"Where do you like to eat, Tam?" Mayne said.

"Oh, anywhere."

"St. Francis? It's only quarter to six, they'll still be having tea dancing there," the man mused. "Let's see, where shall we go? Where'd you go last time a handsome man took you to dinner?"

"Nowhere," Tam answered, pretty in her buttoned-up fur collar and brimmed dark hat, with her rosy cheeks squared in a wide smile. Mayne looked at her suddenly.

"How d'you mean you didn't dine anywhere the last time you went out?"

"Because there wasn't never no last time, mister. This is my first step down," Tamara said, with her joyous youthful giggle.

"Honest? No fooling? For heaven's sake!" Maynard commented. "Then we'll have to make it memorable. Where've you been all this time?"

"In a convent in Canada. I just got home in June."

"Well, we've got to celebrate tonight. I'll tell you, we'll go out and have dinner with Persis and Joe. You know her, you know Joe Holloway?"

"I don't know either."

"You ought to. She writes wonder-

ful poetry—nobody's recognized it yet, but it's the best poetry any American woman— Here, we'll take a car and drive out there." Mayne said, signaling to one of the drivers who were waiting in a fringe along the south front of the square.

Tamara felt suddenly very young and awkward. She did not feel equal to amusing this magnificent cavalier. Smiling, settling herself comfortably in the big seat, she told herself that he didn't have to do this—he didn't have to suggest it—he must want to.

"I see you have a habit of talking to yourself. What's on your mind?" the man said. "So you're just out of the convent, are you?"

"I graduated in June."

"I see. That makes you—"

"Nineteen last week."

"And did you like the convent?"

"Some things I liked," Tamara answered vaguely. "But of course there were other things I didn't like so much. It was lovely, part of it."

"But they were pretty strict?" Mayne asked with enjoyment.

"Well—I guess they have to be. Some of the girls—" She left it unfinished.

"Wild, eh?"

"Well, I know one boarder was expelled this term, just before she graduated. It would have to be pretty bad to have them do that," Tamara said seriously, her round eyes fixed upon him. "It broke her heart. She told Mother Laurence she was going to kill herself."

CARRYING on with a boy, huh?" Mayne asked, with a sober oblique glance.

"She sent him letters by one of the day scholars."

"Ha!"

"And then she told Sister Teresa that she wanted to practice the Arensky waltz that she was playing with Refugio Barrios for Commencement, and Sister Teresa let her go up to the music rooms at night, and he was there."

"How'd he get in?"

"During the day some time, and hid under the music press, they think."

"They couldn't allow things like that. Their whole school would go to pot."

"That's what Mother said. But Eleanor's dress was made and everything. She cried, and her mother cried. Her mother had promised her a new car if she graduated."

"She'll graduate in a very different school if she doesn't look sharp," Mayne said, so significantly that Tamara laughed out joyfully. He had shown more sympathy already in her school experiences than Coral, Lance, and her mother had extended to her in five long months.

The driver stopped at the Taylor Street address, a ramshackle wooden building precariously perched on a hill. Tamara and Mayne climbed two flights of stairs to the big upper studio of the Holloways.

In the Holloways' studio Tamara was conscious of tremendous slanted skylights, of spaciousness and shadows, easels and canvases, littered draperies and tables and odd chairs. Persis was a dark, frail-looking woman in a blue smock; there was a hearty square girl called Lucile, who had a deep voice, and another very small woman named Mabel. And there were six or seven men, among them Joe Holloway in his painty apron, with kind eyes twinkling

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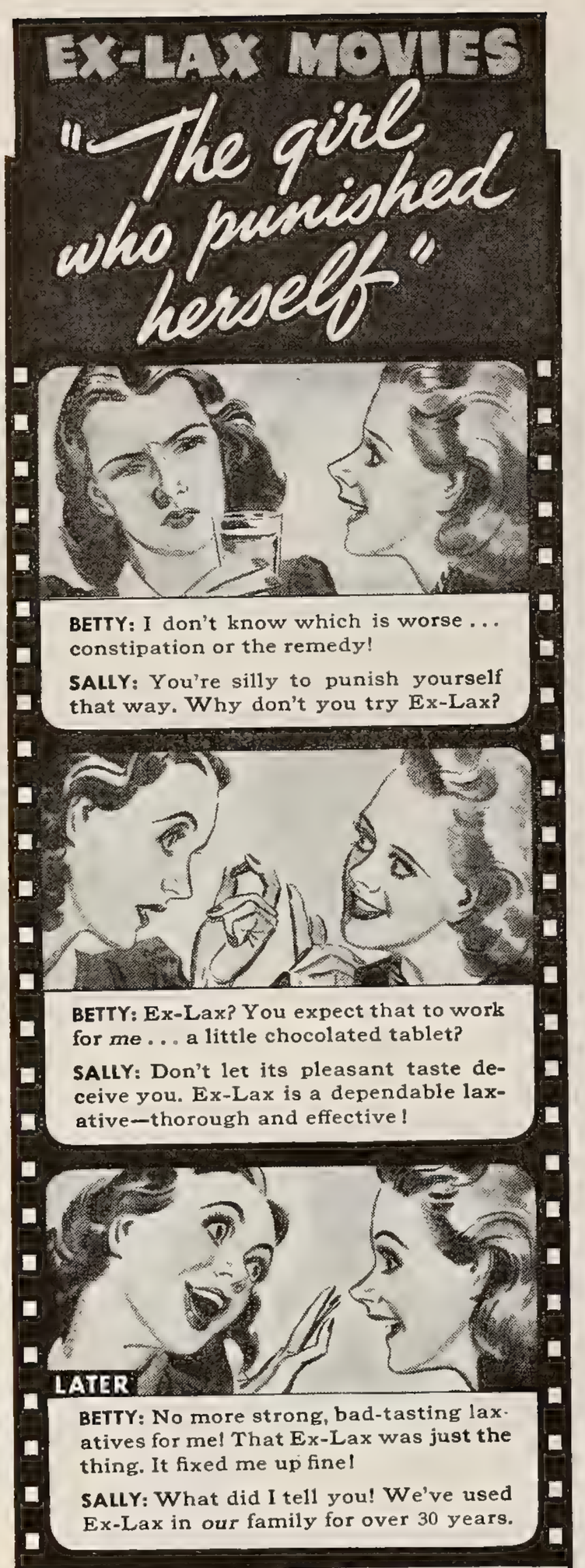

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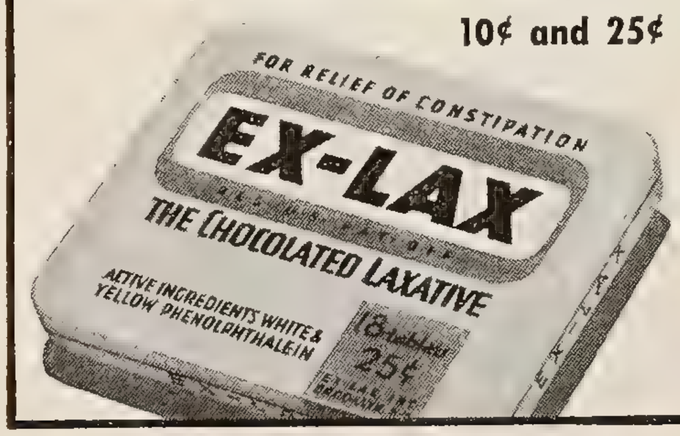

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above a Vandyke beard. They all seemed delighted that Mayne had come, and they made Tamara heartily welcome; presently Persis opened a door, and everyone straggled across a roof to another enormous room, where there was a long dining table, and many chairs, and an adjoining kitchen.

Tamara was by this time in a seventh heaven of delight; she never had been with people she liked so well, or in such an enchanting atmosphere. Their lazy talk seemed to her brilliant; everyone was talking all the time; they hardly gave each other a chance to finish a sentence, and yet there was a sense of keen appreciation among them.

An elaborate dinner was immediately under way; the preparations were not formal, but Tamara thought she had never seen and smelled and tasted such delicious food.

And she soon discovered that everyone here adored Persis; she was the moving spirit of the whole group.

THE clock struck eight. The salad leaves now glistened brightly with oil, and the fragrance of the bubbling chicken was almost more than hunger could bear. French bread had been toasted in black ridges; everything anyone had ever thought of as eatable was on the table; sticky, soft pressed figs, a third of a chocolate cake, cold artichokes. Everyone helped himself as rapidly as possible; voices were thicker now, and the wine and bread and salad circulated steadily.

"Agreed," said Pete loudly, "that Mayne's girl is a comely wench!"

"And hath a pretty wit," the man they called Gedge added. "Hast not, my chuck?"

Tamara laughed and flushed happily. She loved being here, even though she felt very dull and stupid among them all. She loved being called Mayne's girl, loved glancing at him to catch his half-serious smile upon her when Pete used the word.

"Where do you *find* these girls, Mayne?" Joe asked. He sat next to Persis, who did not speak much, but smiled at them all with her long eyes; and now and then she and Joe leaned over the laden plates to kiss each other. Tamara found this oddly pleasant to see, considering that their little boy was from his portrait at least ten years old.

"I'll never tell you," Mayne said. "That is our horrid secret, isn't it, Tam?"

"Tam from now on is my favorite name," Gedge said loudly, and Tam laughed again.

After dinner—it was by now ten o'clock—they made a feint of piling dishes and pots in the sink, then abandoned it.

Now the lights in the studio were low, and there was an open fire. Mayne got up from a long deep couch when the women came in, and drew Tamara to sit down beside him on it, with Pete on her other side. The others scattered themselves about comfortably; cigarettes were lighted, and Adams came in with a tray of glasses and bottles.

Then in the soft light began an hour to be forever an enchanted memory to Tamara. Someone played the piano, played beautifully; Bill—she did not know his last name—stood up and sang "Mandalay" and "Oh, give me something to remember you by," and it was all she could do to keep back the tears. Little Mabel went to the piano and fingered one or two melodies tentatively before settling down to chords, runs, more chords, ballad-like snatches, and the final question, "Well, who was it?"

"Adriana!" they all said together, and Adriana, who seemed to be a reporter, or to have some connection with a newspaper, nodded her head thoughtfully. "You're smart, Mabel," she said. "About halfway through I began to have a distinct suspicion that it was I—me—I—me—for heaven's sake someone say which it is!"

The talk raged immediately about the question as to whether a person look badly or looked bad—whether lurid meant bright red or dull gray—whether the use of "like" for "as" by the British didn't in itself constitute good grammar.

Mabel interrupted this by crashing with incredible force into the *Valkyries' Ride;* Tamara felt the big fingers of Mayne's fine hand cover her own, and she let them stay. The hour was too crystal perfect to break by any prudishness now. After a while she realized that she was leaning against his shoulder, and that he had moved a little to make her head comfortable there. It wasn't important; everyone else had relaxed into quiet and friendliness and utter felicity; nothing would have been sillier or more childish than to sit erect and gather one's hands primly into one's lap.

Quite suddenly at midnight the thing broke up; Tamara and Mayne came out into the cold sweet air of the winter night and walked a little while, looking for a taxi. The girl was silent; her mood dreamy, ecstatic.

"Nice people," Mayne said, on a rising note.

"Oh, nice people! They're marvelous," Tamara echoed, in her little-girl voice of awe.

"So that your first dinner wasn't so formidable?" Mayne asked.

OH, it was marvelous!" Words had actually failed her, and she could only echo the inadequate phrase.

"We'll go there again." They were in a taxi now, and in a few minutes had reached the Valhalla, and Mayne courteously escorted her upstairs to her mother's very door. Further it was not possible to invite him, for Lance was audibly asleep on the sitting-room couch. So Tamara said her grateful good-nights in the dark hallway and raised to his, eyes that shone with appreciation of her wonderful evening. "I'll see you tomorrow, somewhere. Come into Dolores's dressing room before the show," the man whispered, with his good-byes. Tamara nodded, opened the door behind her noiselessly, slipped into the silent apartment. Her mother did not awaken, her sister did not even stir as she undressed in no clearer light than that which came from the street, and crept into her place.

It was midnight, but for a while Tamara, tired as she was, could not sleep. She lay awake thinking, remembering, smiling in the dark. Never in her life before had she known one moment of the ecstasy that was flooding her whole being.

Casually, lightly, Mayne Mallory has entered Tam's life, bringing with him a glimpse of a beautiful new world she had not known existed—and bringing, too, drama and heartbreak and tragedy. Don't miss the second chapter of this compelling novel in next month's Radio Mirror.

Cathleen

(*Continued from page 26*)

here," Allan said.

"Allan—please," Hope warned him. "Remember, she's only a child."

"I know—but the rosewood piano. The last touch on it was—her mother's—"

And then Cathleen was standing before them, head drooping sullenly, eyes wary.

"You have been expressly forbidden to play your mother's rosewood piano, Cathleen," Allan said. "And"—for a moment his control broke—"Good God! With the one melody—I suppose Nora's responsible for telling you that your mother used to play that for me. Why did you disobey me?"

"Must we be talking," Cathleen asked, "in front of strangers?"

"Drop that Irish way of talking, I tell you! Miss Cabot is scarcely a stranger to you. Furthermore, she's going to be my wife."

"Oh!" That was all Cathleen said.

"Of course," her father said wearily, "Dr. Ames telephoned that you hadn't kept your appointment with him. I could understand that—it's Saturday afternoon—you felt resentful . . . But this money business—that my daughter should steal—"

"Steal?" Cathleen asked tonelessly.

NORA admitted you brought home an album of records, costing ten dollars. And we know that in my desk drawer here, the household money is kept. There was ten dollars there this morning. Now it's gone, Cathleen. Only you and I and Nora have been in here. It adds up to one thing, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Cathleen said.

"Oh, I don't know," Allan said in sick helplessness. "What punishment is there—to make you understand that you're becoming a habitual liar—and now, a thief?"

"Yes!" Cathleen said again, but this time she drew the word out until it became a hiss.

He buried his face, convulsively, in his hands. "I can't punish you! After all, you're your mother's daughter. Just—go away—"

For the first time, emotion came to Cathleen's face. In horror, she whispered to Hope: "He's crying!"

"Yes."

"Ohhhh . . ." She stepped toward him, half raised her hand as if to touch his bowed head, then let it drop. The pity and amazement ebbed from her eyes, and slowly she turned to the door.

But before she could reach it, it flew open. Nora stood on the threshold, a crumpled green bill in her shaking fingers.

"I knew, sir—I knew my wee lamb could never have done it!" she cried. "Since you talked to me, we've been searching the rubbish pile—and look, sir, amongst some old papers—this cursed ten dollar bill!"

Allan's silver-grayed head had lifted, and he was staring, not at the bill, but at Cathleen. "But why didn't you deny it, child?"

"I don't know," Cathleen said vaguely.

"Perhaps," Hope suggested gently, "she couldn't find words, Allan—just as you can't find words to talk to her—"

"I can always understand my father, Miss Cabot," Cathleen said firmly.

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"I wish he could say as much for you," Allan observed with a wry smile. He motioned Nora from the room. "Well, I'm so relieved. But tell me—where did you get the money for the album?"

"I've been saving and saving," Cathleen spoke to the floor. "And I sold my leather brief case Aunt Morgan gave me. And—" Her head came up; she looked him bravely in the eye. "And then I broke open my pig bank!"

Suddenly Allan laughed. "Great Guns! What do you say to a child like this?"

"I'd tell her I admired her spirit," Hope said briskly.

"Yes. Her spirit . . . her mother's spirit, rather. Cathleen . . ."

"Yes, sir."

"By way of apology—would this help fill the pig bank?"

CATHLEEN gave a strange half moan of delight as she saw the crisp ten-dollar bill he was holding out to her.

"There," her father said in embarrassment. He gave her a quick, nervous kiss on the forehead. "Run along now, it must be your dinner time."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, Cathleen—" as she was leaving the room. "Cathleen—I won't scold. But why did you open the rosewood piano?"

Cathleen didn't turn around. "It's my birthday" she said. "I was pretending it was a gift from my mother." She closed the door behind her.

Nora was in the hall. "Ah, and so he gave you the ten dollars," she remarked joyfully. "Well he might, respected father of yours though he is! And how will you spend it?"

"Spend it!" Cathleen said in scorn. "*This*? I'll never spend it—I'm going to wrap it up in my best lace handkerchief and dream on it every night. And he kissed me!" She pressed her hand to her forehead. "Right there! Nora, Nora—I bought some yellow daffodils—do you suppose Father'd like them for his den?"

"Aye," Nora said tenderly, "and I think he would."

Faster than the May wind Cathleen ran down the hall, up the stairs to her own bedroom; whipped the daffodils and their vase from her dressing table; down again, to the hall—

"Wee gold daffodils," she whispered to herself, "to warm my father's eyes. Little gold spring nymphs." The door to the den, where she had left her father and Hope Cabot, was still closed—they must still be there. "Shall I say, 'Father, I've brought you some flowers'? Or shall I not say a word—just open the door, very quietly, like a little mouse—"

"I'm sorry," she heard Hope's voice. "But I can't marry you, Allan."

"But I warned you about the child!"

"You don't understand."

Her father's voice had never been so hard. "Oh yes, I understand. On this very same night—thirteen years ago—she cost me the life of my young love. So it's fitting that tonight she should kill my other love for me! What kind of a devouring young she-wolf is she—"

The door, closing, cut off further sound. And long after Cathleen had run away, out of the apartment, down to the street, the yellow daffodils sat in their vase on the floor, where she had left them.

The trees and the stars and the river talked to her on her way. Such friendly, calm, good voices they had—because, of course, they understood. They understood why she couldn't stay in the apartment any longer, and why she'd had to run away, up Riverside Drive and across it and down under the Parkway until she was close to the river.

"Where are you going, Cathleen?" asked a tree; and she answered, "I don't know, green tree. I've walked and walked, and still I don't know." And the sky asked, "Why do you hurry so, Cathleen?" but all she could say was, "I don't know, dark sky."

BUT the river spoke to her too. It said, "Come, Cathleen. You're so tired, Cathleen, because your heart is heavy."

"You've caught some stars in you, river."

"I know, Cathleen."

"Do they know my mother?"

"Yes, Cathleen . . ."

"Oh! Oh! The star called me beautiful—not a wolf at all!"

"Come to me, Cathleen," the river beckoned.

But when she obeyed, it was not kind to her, but cold and dark, so that she screamed, once, before it pulled her down into its chilly heart.

It was late at night before they called Allan Bradford to the hospital.

On their recent visit to New York, Burns and Allen and Eddie Cantor and Ida got together between broadcasts at La Conga.

Waiting in the hall outside, pacing back and forth, he met a dark young man with a white, concerned face. "Is she in there?" he asked.

"Who?" Allan asked.

"The little girl—Cathleen. But I suppose I couldn't see her. I'm only here because the police wanted to talk to me. They found the sales slip from my store in her pocket."

"The sales slip?" Allan asked.

"Yes. I'm the guy that sold her records. She came in every Saturday—her father used to send her, to hear some music."

"Her—father sent her?"

"Why, yes. Do you know him? Has anything happened to him—is that the reason she tried to—?"

"No," Allan said, "that's not the reason."

"I never saw a kid so crazy about a guy. He was sick, and it was enough to break your heart—she'd come in and draw up three chairs, pretending her dad was on her right, her mother on her left . . ."

The door into Cathleen's room opened. "Mr. Bradford—you can come in now," said the nurse.

Dazedly, Allan turned away. "I don't know your name—but thank you—for being more kind to my daughter than her father's been."

CATHLEEN'S little body scarcely disturbed the covers of the hospital cot, but her piteous eyes filled his vision as he entered the room.

"I tried, Father . . . I tried to go away." A sudden pain seemed to seize her. "Ah—wolf, you said—wolf!"

"It wasn't true, darling—I didn't mean to say that. It was just that I was so stupidly blind I lived behind a rough wall of my own making."

"Like—like the Sleeping Beauty?"

"Well—if you like," Allan said with something that might have been either a sob or a laugh. "Except that I'm scarcely that."

"You could be," Cathleen said eagerly. "Sort of like one, father."

"I'm—ashamed, baby," he whispered. "I—" Somehow he managed to control himself. "I never knew your hands were so beautiful, Cathleen," he said tenderly. "Just like your mother's. Won't you have fun playing the rosewood piano for me? And we'll listen to thousands of records together; and buy carloads of white lilacs. Will you like that?"

Cathleen's eyes, so big in the white face, regarded him doubtfully. "It's wishing I am I could believe you, but I thought—I heard Miss Cabot say—"

Quickly he interrupted her: "Nothing about you. She was trying to tell me what a fool I was, and I couldn't understand. But that's grownup talk. All you must do now is to go to sleep, and know we all love you."

In a cautious, uncertain whisper, she asked, "Do—you?"

"Most of all!"

"Ah!" she sighed. Sleep was dimming her eyes now; she felt warm and safe, with the warmth and safety the river had promised. Here was her father beside her, he loved her . . .

"And will you come and meet a fine friend of mine?" she asked. "And when we get to the record store, and he sees you, will you put your arm around me and say, 'This is her Daddy's girl'?"

"Yes. Of course, dear."

"Because," Cathleen said drowsily, "it's a wee doubt I've had sometimes that he *might* not be believing me . . ."

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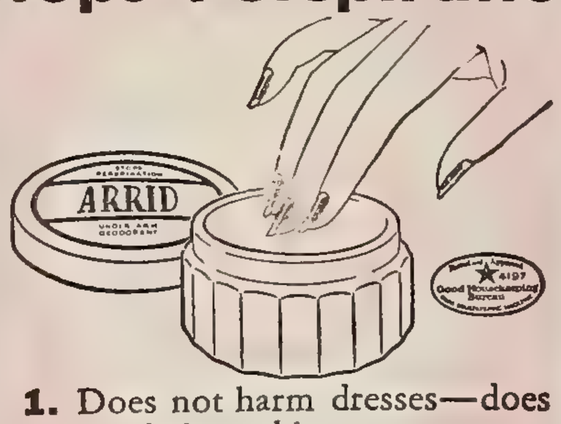

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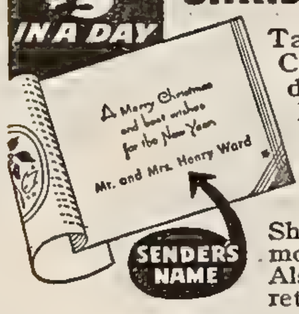

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Pretty Elspeth Eric who plays the part of Joyce Jordan on CBS' Girl Interne, usually spends her week ends at the beach.

WHEN Elspeth Eric, known to radio listeners as "Joyce Jordan —Girl Interne," takes a day off from her Columbia network program (heard Mondays through Fridays at 12:00 noon) she spends it at the beach. The pretty radio actress cannot afford to take chances on an overdose of sunshine and is usually to be found under a yard wide hat which, by the way, we think is quite attractive.

Miss Eric studied at Bradford Academy and is a graduate of Wellesley College. She was one of the original members of "The Barnswallows" stock company there . . . first job was switchboard operator in a bank at the age of fourteen . . . salary was $7.00. After graduating from college, she worked as social secretary, clerk in a book store, and acted as hostess. Elspeth (which is the Scotch contraction of Elizabeth) started her stage career in the Woodstock Summer Theater and made her radio debut in New York in 1934.

Miss Eric is five feet three and one half inches, weighs 105 pounds, has fluffy blonde hair and blue eyes.

* * *

Jean Ciliberti, Philadelphia, Penna. —Bess Johnson was born in Keyser, W. Va. She is five feet nine and one half inches, weighs 135 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. R. Landers, Stratford, Ont., Canada—Virginia Clark was born in Peoria, Illinois, October 29. Her family moved to Little Rock, Ark., where she attended school and then entered the University of Alabama. She majored in dramatics with the idea of becoming a famous actress. This desire prompted her to leave Alabama after a year and go to Chicago, where she studied at the Chicago School of Expression for three years. She completed her course and looked for a job for weeks until she was finally "allowed" to work on a local Chicago station for nothing. Several months later she received a salary of $15.00 a week. Success, as it sometimes does, knocked at Virginia's door when she won a local magazine contest for the most representative and popular radio actress in the Chicago area. As a result, she was auditioned for the part of Helen Trent in The Romance of Helen Trent and won, over seventy-seven competitors. Miss Clark has brown eyes, is five feet four and a half inches, weighs 125 pounds.

James Rooker Myers, Baltimore, Md. —Jessica Dragonette is not broadcasting now and we do not know whether she intends to return to the air in the near future or not.

Because of the many requests still coming in, I must repeat that we cannot furnish pictures of stars to our readers, since we do not have a service covering this.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Persons wishing to join the Motion Picture Fan Club of America and clubs wishing to register, please communicate with Pat Mealie, President, 538 East 138th Street, New York City.

To my knowledge, no fan club has been organized for **Hal Kemp.** If I'm wrong, I'd appreciate word from our readers.

Florence C. Carroll, President of the **Enoch Light** Fan Club is anxious to increase its membership. If you're interested in joining, Miss Carroll may be reached at 34-50 43rd Street, Astoria, New York.

There *is* a **Kate Smith** Fan Club and Katherine Caruthers of 8502—89th Avenue, Woodhaven, New York, will be glad to furnish details to prospective members.

A **Joe Penner** Fan Club has now been organized and Sid Vousden, President, is anxious to build up its membership. Address Mr. Vousden, the Joe Penner Club, 34 Strathmore Boulevard, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Don't Give In to Motherhood

(*Continued from page* 29)

rescued Norman from a Gene Autry dive off the back of a divan; rushed out to interview a couple, cook and butler, who *might* be relied upon not to feed the babies fried pork chops when their mother was busy at the studio. And in the midst of all this, there was Joan, stoutly maintaining that "Mothers should not be too devoted to their babies!"

"The only way you can train yourself not to let all the little things drive you mad—is to keep on reminding yourself of all the millions of people in the world who *have been babies* and who have managed, quite successfully, to become adults!

"To be able to take your children casually and comfortably is not only good for you, it's good for them. I honestly believe it is as dull for the kids as it is for the mothers if we are with them all the time. Children may, and usually do, put up a howl if their mothers and fathers are going out. But actually, in their hearts, I think they like it.

"I know that Normie is never so flatteringly interested in us, so stimulated and merry, as when we are dressing to go out for dinner. And the next day he always asks us what we had to eat, who was there, was Jack Benny there, Tarzan, the Lone Ranger? Children are sensitive to atmosphere—and all children love gayety.

"Try it some time! Let the kids stick around while you're dressing to go out. Watch their bright, interested eyes. It will make you feel better about going!

MOTHERS should train themselves from the very beginning to be away every so often. It has to be according to each mother's circumstances, of course. For those of us who can afford it, I think we should go away one week-end in every six, starting when the baby is *one month old!* I think we should try to manage a two-week or month-long trip, at least, every year. It's only kindness on our part not to let the children get too dependent on us.

"Mothers who can't manage week-end excursions and long vacations should go to the movies once or twice a week, spend a day every now and then with a friend, while some trustworthy high school girl stays with the babies. And if they can't manage even that, let them take a walk around the block every night, stay out an hour or two, just walking around—just so they're away, just so they're *out!* For once you get the habit of staying with a child every instant, that habit gets you in a strangle hold from which at first you can't and then you don't want to escape.

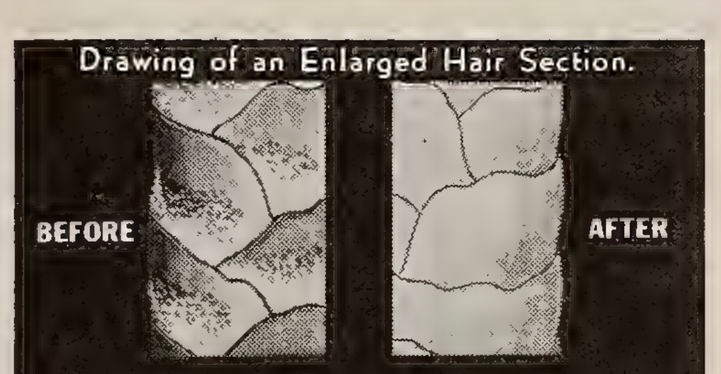
"If it's humanly possible, every woman should have a career apart from her children, even if she doesn't have to earn money, even if she only goes to night-school to learn playwriting or flower-arranging. A mother who spends all her time with her children ends up by becoming not only a deadly bore to herself and to her husband, but a deadly bore to the children as well!

"My family might remark that I'm a fine one to talk," Joan admitted, "because I've been ridiculous at times.

How I got rid of DULL, MOUSEY HAIR

No matter, what I did — my hair looked terrible. It was always so dull, drab and lifeless, it seemed to affect my popularity.

I received the best advice from my favorite beautician, who told me; "hours of brushing would greatly improve your hair".



Because, brushing removed the unrinsable soap film (bath-scum) left in the hair after a shampoo — that hides its soft, natural lustre and causes tangles and snarls.

But I didn't have time or energy enough to devote to this laborious task — and brushing didn't help that drab look.

It seemed hopeless — when I heard that drab hair was a deficiency of color, all women experience after adolescence.

Then, I read an ad about the New Double Acting Golden Glint, that corrected both these distressing conditions — without leaving the hair unruly, dry, or brittle.

I decided to give this new product a try, because, it only cost a few cents and required only two minutes of my time.

It's a comfort to go places, full of confidence — popularity is important No more dull hair; no more drab hair; no more tedious brushing. I'm so happy.

ANN LAXTON . . . NEW YORK'S POPULAR MODEL SAYS

"It's hard to describe the thrills listening to the compliments of my friends and photographers since I started using the New Golden Glint. My hair is now as soft and appealing and as easily managed as a baby's curls. It's so alive and radiant with millions of tiny multicolored highlights."

No matter how dull, drab and lifeless your hair is, the same thrills of this popular art model may be yours. Because the new patented ingredients in the New Golden Glint gives this amazing new double action. It removes the dulling soap-scum left in the hair after a shampoo, revealing its natural gloss, and gives the hair a tiny brightening color which hides that drab, mousey look, in a shade best suited for your type. The New Golden Glint is now out in Six Shades; for Brunettes, Brownettes, Blondes, Auburn Shades, Silver Glints and Lustre Glints in glittering gold packages.

No other shampoo and rinse seemingly gives the New Golden Glint's revolutionary results. Approved by Good Housekeeping, it's at your drug, department and 10c stores. You too will thrill from cleaner, brighter, softer hair after using the New Improved and patented Golden Glint.

THE *New Improved* GOLDEN GLINT

THE HERO PINNED A MEDAL ON ME

There I stood—staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest—too dazzled to speak. Suddenly—"Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor's refreshing as a cool shower after a hot march!" the General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss—you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there—out of Beeman's shiny foil!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

I still am. But it only proves that I know how difficult the problem can be.

"For instance, I'd be at the studio. At least, there was the body, make-up and all. But I was *not* at the studio, not all of me. I was half there and half at home. I'd be studying my script and, more often than not, I'd be seeing the baby's formula instead of my lines, wondering whether the new nurse had remembered to decrease the water and increase the milk that morning.

"Or I'd be on the set and, between every take, I'd telephone the house and if I heard Ellen or Normie crying in the distance—then for the next three scenes all I'd hear would be that crying!

ON the set of 'Good Girls Go to Paris,' I had one scene, a long silent shot where I'm looking at Melvyn Douglas, reading a telegram as I gaze, registering *He really loves me*—and as this emotion overcomes me, the tears run down my face. Well, the tears ran down my face, all right. But I was thinking of the cook I'd had to fire that morning because she'd served Normie fried pork chops the day before. It was those darned pork chops, not Melvyn's studio passion for me, that were the tear-jerkers!

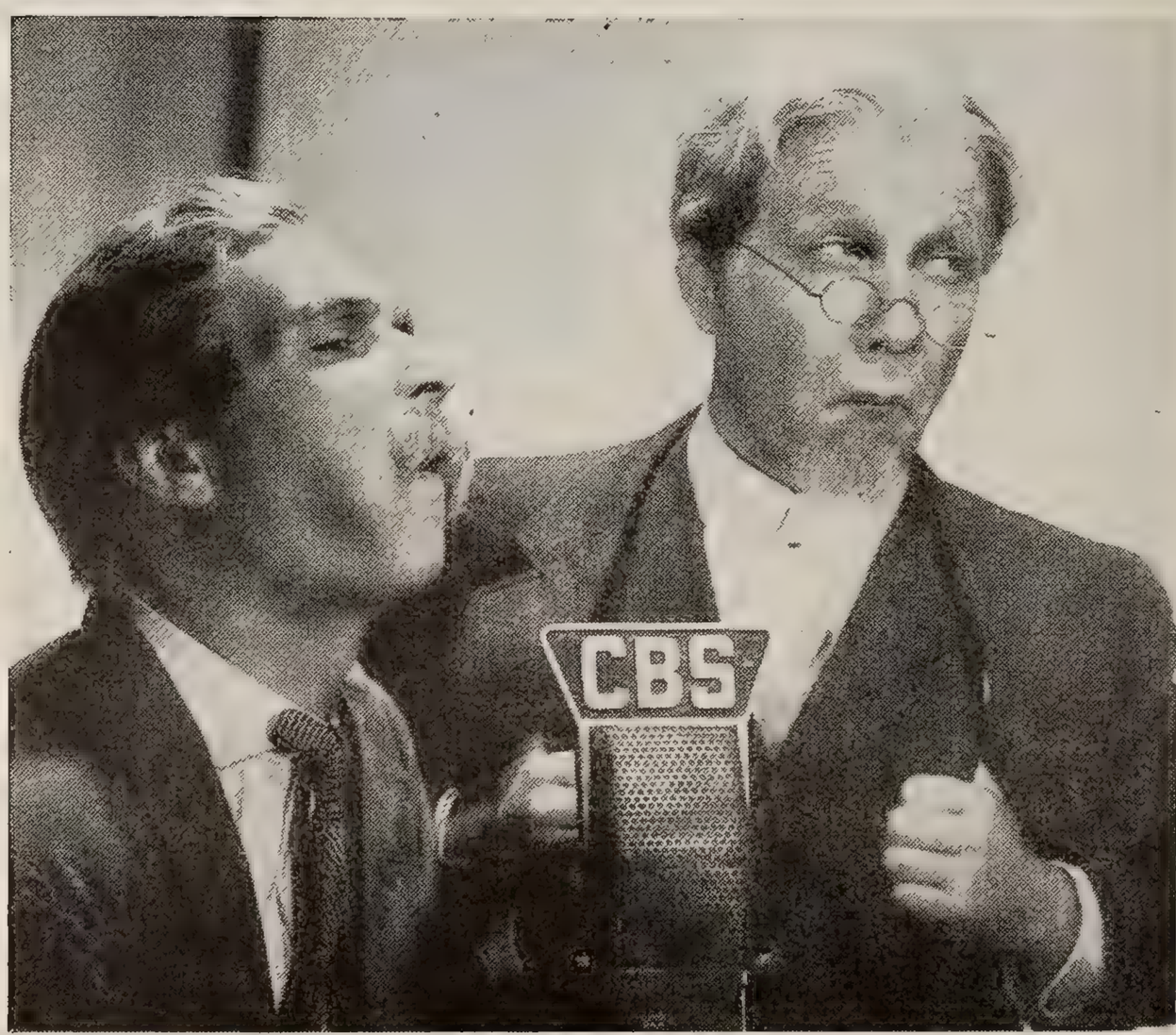
"It's been the same at home. Dick wants me to go to Honolulu with him. He says, and he's right, that while we're still young we should go places, travel. We keep *talking* about going, making plans to go, all the time putting it off because we'd be uncomfortable putting an ocean between ourselves and the children. And if we took them with us, it would mean taking a nurse along, plus about ten trunks for all their toys and paraphernalia. Being picture people, we'd have to stop at a good (and expensive) hotel, and with such a retinue it would mean taking a whole floor, until by the time we were through it would cost us a fortune to take the trip.

"Up to this summer, I've been away from Normie once, just *once*, for longer than three days. That was when Ellen was on her way and I went to Chicago with Dick while he made personal appearances. I was pretty much all right in the daytimes but oh, when night fell! Most young mothers will know what I mean when I say that *then* I began to suffer agonies! And the minute Dick was asleep I'd put the telephone under the bedclothes in my twin bed and call my mother here in Hollywood—she was staying with Normie while we were away. All the calls consisted of was me crying into the receiver and Mother saying, 'What's the matter with you? I haven't taken my eyes off Normie since you left. Do remember that I am his grandmother and that I love him as much as you do!'

"And when we got home there was Normie, all blissful and beaming and blooming, and I felt pretty silly, so silly that I'll never act so silly again. That incident gave Dick and me our great idea, as a matter of fact, for Dick asked Mother if she'd come and live with us and take charge of the babies. So I've solved my most pressing problem. I've won part of the Battle of the Babies. I'm going to win the rest of it this summer, too! It's going to feel like cutting off my right arm, but I'm convinced that it's the best thing for all of us! Dick and I are going to New York, to play in summer stock there, and to spend some time at Saratoga Springs."

So when you read, some time this summer—and I hope, for Joan's sake that she hasn't weakened and you *do* read it—about the Blondell-Powell appearance in an Eastern summer stock company, you'll know that it has a deeper significance than appears on the surface.

It will mean a good many things. That Joan is keeping her individuality as a person, and not letting it be submerged by the mother-instinct. That she is fighting—successfully—to retain her sense of proportion. But most important, that she is determined to let Norman and Ellen Powell grow up to be strong and independent, free of apron-strings, free of the cloying kind of affection. That, it seems to me, is well worth the doing.



Lum and Abner donned their "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes in honor of their contract renewal for their CBS thrice-weekly show.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

TEN MUSICAL MAIDS. . . . Here you have a half-hour of good entertainment every Friday night at 9:00 EDST over the CBC national chain by the first all-girl show ever to hit Canadian airwaves. In the group are the girls' vocal trio, Vida Guthrie, Doris Ord and Doris Scott, the two former doubling as a two-piano team; Blanche Willis, blues singer; the violin trio, Reva Ralston, Margaret Ingram, and Pauline Lewin; Muriel Donnellan, harpist; Kathleen Stokes, organist, and Marjorie (Midge) Ellis, hostess.

VIDA GUTHRIE . . . a very wide-awake young lady, who was born in 1909 at Kenora, Ontario, and came of a musical family . . . after a bit of high school and study at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Vida auditioned in 1920 at Saskatoon, Sask., and went to work in radio that year.

DORIS ORD . . . is a petite, brown-haired lassie with brown eyes . . . a Westerner of 23 years' standing . . . went on CKY, Winnipeg, at the age of eight . . . she started in radio after musical study at Toronto and London as staff pianist for WBB, Winnipeg . . . met Vida Guthrie in '34, and they teamed up on many's the commercial . . . staff artist at CJRC from '36 until she and Vida teamed up last year.

DORIS SCOTT . . . describes herself as a "singer of popular songs," which is rather modest for this little blonde lady with the distinctive manner of putting over a melody . . . Toronto-born, the year of the Armistice, she was educated at private schools, and started in radio at old CKNC on the "Gaiety and Romance" show in 1933 . . . first came to fame on the "Up to the Minute" series.

BLANCHE WILLIS . . . another Westerner, who was born in 1913 at Portage La Prairie, Manitoba . . . the blues singer of Ten Musical Maids . . . her mother was an organist and pianist and orchestral conductor; her father, who now manages a theater at Winnipeg, has produced a number of musical shows.

KATHLEEN STOKES . . . is one of Canada's best known peddle-pushers, from her solo and orchestral work in the heyday of vodvil at Shea's Theater, Toronto, where she had continued feature billing . . . theaters led her naturally to radio . . . did sustaining on CFRB, Toronto, from 1928 to 1933 . . . has played for BBC in England. . .

MURIEL DONNELLAN . . . the harpist of Ten Musical Maids . . . a Londoner by birth, she is another of the "Maids" who came of a musical family; both were pianists . . . her fifteen-year old son Billy is carrying on the tradition; critics say he has a real future as a violinist . . . broadcast for seven years with the well known Rex Battle ensemble from the Royal York Hotel to the NBC net . . . is first harpist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Promenade Symphony Orchestra.

MARGARET INGRAM . . . of the violin trio. . . hails from another musical family . . . her sister plays the cello, one brother the trumpet, another brother the clarinet . . . she's a native of St. Thomas, Ontario, from twenty-four years back . . . is a newcomer to radio, as this is her first program . . . graduate of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas.

PAULINE LEWIN . . . of the violin ditto . . . another blonde and blue-eyed Toronto lass of 19 summers . . . after high school in Windsor, Ontario, got into radio at Windsor with the Trowell String Quartet, doing weekly half-hours in 1935 for the CBC and Mutual chains.

MARJORY F. (MIDGE) ELLIS . . . the hostess of Ten Musical Maids, where her soft, soothing voice adds the last touch necessary to this all-girl program, and proves that Canada has some women radio announcers worthy of attention . . . Midge both sings and acts for radio . . . was born in Vancouver, B. C., in 1913.

OUCH_IVE POPPED A RUN_AND IT'S EDNA'S FAULT

I'LL BE NEXT! WHY DOESN'T SHE USE LUX?

Luxing saves E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y and cuts down RUNS

1 Wash stockings after each wearing in lukewarm Lux suds. This saves elasticity, cuts down runs.

2 Don't rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity.

3 After Luxing, rinse well. Shape and dry away from heat. Keep the thrifty BIG box of Lux handy always.

—a little goes so far—Lux is **thrifty**

Bing's Girl Friday

(*Continued from page* 21)

there are the facts.

And when you add to Pat's unprecedented success certain other facts, you have something even more remarkable. Because Pat's main interests in life, even now that she's a star, are her sorority house at the University of California at Los Angeles and her sisters in the bond of dear old Alpha Xi Delta. Her primary concern remains her college course in Home Economics. Her greatest bug-bear is her struggle with chemistry. Her greatest good time is cooking. She simply doesn't realize what it means to be famous.

IN short, that Friday night when Bing Crosby discovered her (yes, it was a Friday night—silly, the way truth out-gags fiction) he discovered a real natural, any way you look at it.

Friday, you see, is college night in Hollywood. Each week, after the evening fish has been duly gulped, hundreds of Southern California campus stags hustle out of their homes, hunt up their co-ed dates and descend in noisy herds to take over the better night spots, while the more sedate and possibly stuffy citizens of Hollywood hug their hearths to avoid being trampled in the collegiate rush. It was just luck that Bing Crosby happened to be at the Victor Hugo cafe the night Pat Friday stepped modestly up to the microphone there and nodded to band leader Griff Williams.

Now, the only reason Pat was there was because her sorority sisters made her go. Pat had a habit of leading the sisters in a few harmony sessions of sorority songs after chapter meeting on Monday nights, and she had taken a few singing lessons from a Los Angeles teacher named Adele Lambert, but other than that she didn't consider herself a singer.

Her sorority sisters, however, didn't hold with any of this "born to blush unseen" stuff. They thought Pat was good, and so when they heard of Griff Williams' talent contest at the Victor Hugo it was, "Pledge Friday, get over there and do your stuff—and no back-talk—or you know what!" Pat knew what, so she went—and of course she won, although all the ambitious collegiate crooners, hoofers and gobble-pipe players of U. C. L. A., U. S. C. and Loyola were in there pitching.

She also talked to Mr. Bing Crosby, who said he liked her voice, but while this was very pleasant it didn't console Pat any for having to give up the prize the Victor Hugo offered its contest winner. Said prize was a two-week engagement in the Cafe, which Pat couldn't accept because she was under age.

Bing Crosby has never before made a practice of demanding or even requesting talent on his Music Hall show. He's always left the hiring and firing to the advertising agency and the producer. As far as he has ever gone in dictating the personnel has been to say to his bosses, "I saw a good act at such-and-such a place the other night. You might look it over for the show." Something as casual as that.

But with Pat Friday, Bing knew he was right. So he broke his rule of non-interference and went to bat for his discovery. The agency wasn't so sure, especially when Pat's family lawyer stood up for a sizable check. Pat didn't need the money, he said, and if the Music Hall wanted her they'd have to make it worth while. This was when they first considered her for a guest spot only. It might have come to nothing at all. But Bing stepped up. "Get her on," he advised. "If she's as good as I think she is, you won't mind paying her the money!" Bing never spoke truer words.

NOT only is the advertising agency which produces the Music Hall glad to make out Pat's weekly check, but more than one Hollywood movie company yearns to do likewise. Yearns, be it remarked, quite fruitlessly.

Not long after Pat's debut on the air, a major studio executive whose underlings had been trying frantically to reach her and talk contract, hied himself over in person to the NBC air temple and invaded Kraft rehearsals. Luring Pat ouside into the hall, he inquired, somewhat exasperated, why in the world she hadn't called at the studio in response to his many summonses?

"Oh," replied Pat Friday, wide-eyed and serious, "I couldn't. I was taking my chemistry exam!"

And anyway, movies are absolutely out, as far as Pat is concerned. Radio fits in well enough with her plans for the future, mainly because next fall when she's eighteen, she can drive a car back and forth from Westwood to rehearsals. If she couldn't, radio might well lose out because with Pat, school comes first.

THAT decision—the one concerning movies—is very typical of the Friday character. Pat's mother is a widow, who has worked for sixteen years in the administrative offices of the Los Angeles Board of Education. I haven't met her, but from knowing Pat I can be sure that she knows how to bring up a growing girl to be level-headed as well as charming.

Pat maintains a good C-plus average in college, but last term a final exam caught up with her and she flunked chemistry. It seared her soul. This term she took no chances. Before the importance of finals, even her Kraft singing debut dwindled into comparative unimportance. She had an eight o'clock final in French on the morning of her first air date. She stayed up all Wednesday night and crammed, took the quiz Thursday morning, rehearsed in the afternoon and faced that awful coast-to-coast mike without a chance for even a nap.

Fortunately for Pat, she's young, healthy, and has no nerves. Her music teacher got nervous indigestion and had to go to bed, but outside of a nosebleed twenty minutes before the red light, Pat went on cool as a cucumber. With Pat so extremely mike-green, everybody was pretty anxious about her ability to handle her dialogue and when, after her singing spot, they saw her toss away her script, the control room gang fainted dead away.

But when Pat Friday realized what she had done she didn't waste a second or turn a hair. What she did was snatch Bing Crosby's own script out of his amazed fingers and make Bing read over her shoulder! The Kraft Music Hall gang aren't worried much about Pat Friday any more. They figure a girl who can think that fast before a mike on her first time out is panic-proof and fluff-proof for keeps. And they figure further from the telegrams and letters that have poured in raving about Pat that she is worth considering for keeps, too.

Incidentally, there's an amusing sidelight to Pat's radio hit which you'll very likely never hear about from the gentleman in question—Rudy Vallee. Rudy prides himself—and rightly—on his ability to pick new talent. But in Pat's case he really missed the boat.

Because, before Bing could get around to using Pat on a guest spot, Rudy, whose program is staged by the same agency, jerked her out of a classroom one day and auditioned her for his show. She sang "I Surrender, Dear," and when it was over Rudy shook his head. He said it was very nice, but Pat sounded entirely too much like Kate Smith.

As a matter of fact, Pat's voice travels in just about the same register as Kate's, but right there the resemblance stops.

Pat Friday is petite, five feet two, eyes of blue—only she insists they're gray. Her hair is ash blonde, unretouched, and she swears it is mousey. Her figure is on the stocky side, her face is round and full. She uses no make-up and goes in for typically collegiate clothes—tweeds, little round felt hats, sweaters and skirts, and snoods.

She likes the boys—says she falls in and out of love every week—but thinks they're really only worth while "as a means of getting around—as yet." She thinks her stout legs are much too big. But the future will take care of a lot of things like that.

In the midst of her radio fame, she still intends to finish her college course and get a teaching degree. Right now, she'd much rather be the head of Alpha Xi Delta or president of her class than the number-one attraction on the air.

SHE spent her first Kraft check for a fancy pearl sorority pin. And after her debut show, all the sisters having listened in, Pat sped out to the campus, lugging her big basket of Kraft cheese, dashed into the sorority house kitchen and started whipping up a mess for a celebration midnight feed with the girls. That's still her idea of Heaven.

In fact, there's only one big tragedy in Pat's life today. That's the fact that she's no longer a guest star on the Kraft Music Hall.

Guests all get a mammoth complimentary basket of assorted cheeses. Pat still sighs with wistful longing when she thinks of the things she did with that cheese in the kitchen. All those souffles, soups, and tasty tid-bits she whipped up.

"But now that I'm a regular member of the show," wails Pat, "all I get is a check. No more nice cheese."

It's really quite sad.

N.R.G. is energy—the pep and power to get going and keep going at work or play.

Baby Ruth—the big, pure, delicious candy bar is rich in food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Enjoy a bar of Baby Ruth today—and every day. It's fine candy and fine *food!*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

Fragrance that Stirs MEN'S PULSES!

Hearts beat faster, pulses throb, when you wear Park & Tilford's No. 3 Perfume! Exotic... provocative... this mystic fragrance whispers *"Love"*. Make its magic your own, *tonight!* At drug, dept., ten-cent stores.

Wake up the beauty of your complexion. Park & Tilford "texture of youth" Face Powder is vacuum-sifted, blends with your skin! Park & Tilford Rouge and Lipstick come in harmonizing shades! Guard daintiness with double-acting Park & Tilford *liquid* Perfumed Deodorant!

10¢ 25¢ $1.00

Other famous Park & Tilford odeurs: Lilac; Gardenia; Adventure; No. 12; and Cherish.

PARK & TILFORD *No. 3 Perfume*

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 4*)

Bald-headed Lud Gludskin, music maestro of the Dick Powell show, isn't satisfied to take orders in person from his boss, Tiny Ruffner, so the bandleader built a new home right next door to Ruffner's house—where Tiny can shout his orders from window to window!

* * *

Dick Powell, who has tried his hand at everything, is now going into the oil business. Dick bought 500 acres of oil property in Texas—and is spending the summer there watching the gushers bring in his "black gold."

* * *

Ray Noble, the English band leader, is playing in the wilderness of Denver, at Eilitch's Gardens.

* * *

Jackie Cooper plans a "first shave party," wherein a selected group of young friends will witness the ceremonies attendant upon Jackie's shaving his first beard. His "Clambake Cats" orchestra will devote a musical selection to the party, entitled: "I've Got You Under My Chin."

* * *

Outside of composing and improvising odd musical numbers, Alec Templeton's pet recreation is swimming. He can be found at the beach or some private pool in practically every spare moment. Alec is a fine swimmer in spite of his blindness.

* * *

I think Bob Hope should be sharply criticized for declaring he intends to adopt a British baby boy, during his vacation in London. Must we remind Bob that "charity begins at home?"

* * *

Una Merkel is limping around these days because of a bad bruise sustained falling down a flight of steps while carrying a pail of water to fill her bird bath.

* * *

Scared out of a year's growth by a school of whales playing peek-aboo with their boat "Moonglow" during a recent cruise off San Clemente, Frances Langford and Jon Hall relate a harrowing story of a narrow escape from disaster when one of the playful whales almost sideswiped the boat.

* * *

Betty Jane Rhodes, "The First Lady of Television," recently won a fine compliment from Darryl Zanuck, headman of Fox films. Zanuck declared, after hearing her sing, that she was the most promising young starlet in Hollywood—and he personally was going to see to it that she got a break in big time pictures!

* * *

With Jimmie Fidler off the air for a short summer vacation, Hollywood will have to take its heart-to-heart talks from your reporter; and does Hollywood burn while we're on the air—and is it fun!

* * *

Maxine Gray, one-time Hal Kemp singer, has the unusual distinction of having appeared on television programs on both coasts. Maxine, a regular feature of the Don Lee telecasts in Hollywood, was signed by RCA to feature in a series of dramatic shows in Eastern television programs. Maxine and Tommy Lee, headman of Don Lee, are said to be preacher material!

* * *

Lum and Abner have still not signed for a motion picture, but four different studios are bidding for their services. Before they'll sign, the radio characters want to see a finished script. To appear in the wrong film might end their careers as radio comics, say they wisely.

* * *

When Kay St. Germain, the singing star, returned from New York where she has been appearing in a radio show, she told her pals at NBC about two girls she met in New York who were really grand persons and with whom she enjoyed many delightful parties. They were socialites Cobina Wright, Jr., and glamour-deb Brenda Frazier. In fact, Kay passed up a nice trip to Europe as the guest of Cobina Wright, just because of her work in Hollywood.

* * *

When Jack Benny left for his vacation, the NBC telephone operator at Hollywood Radio City received an urgent call from a Los Angeles woman who demanded the address of the Bennys' Beverly Hills home. It seems she wanted to take care of

Charmichael, Jack's polar bear, while they were vacationing.

* * *

Hero worship doesn't exist just among youngsters, but stars have their heroes, too. Donald Dickson, star baritone of the Charlie McCarthy hour, is one of Hollywood's most ardent hero worshippers and the object of his idealism is none other than Lawrence Tibbett. Dickson never missed a broadcast of "The Circle," which starred Tibbett, and even though he watched the broadcast from the glass enclosed client's booth after Tibbett's numbers, Dickson would applaud wildly!

* * *

Pat Friday is one radioite that comes to work on the street car. In San Francisco or New York, this wouldn't be such a novelty, but in Los Angeles it is. The pert U. C. L. A. sophomore whose vocals are being featured on Bing Crosby's show, lives in Westwood and travels to the studios via car and bus!

* * *

Backstage at the CBS Playhouse, in Hollywood, any Friday afternoon you'll find Johnny Mack Brown, a native of Dotham, Alabama, and a true son of the south, practicing and trying to develop a southern accent. Strangely enough, Johnny, who is starred in the radio series, Under Western Skies, got the part primarily because of the accent, which he is supposed to have. Producers didn't know, however, that Johnny has been taking diction lessons for the past six months, trying to rid himself of the accent for a film role. He did such a good job of it, that it's taking plenty of study to get back the accent for his weekly broadcasts.

* * *

NEW YORK TO HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Jerry Danzig, popular WOR special events man and station executitve, is writing for motion pictures on the side. . . . Fred Weber, headman of the rapidly growing Mutual Network, will have travelled ten thousand miles by air upon the completion of his next trip to Hollywood. On radio business, Weber flies to Washington, Chicago and other points every week. . . . Benay Venuta is still one of radio's oldest and best song stylists! . . . Is Leon Janney, the new CBS radio star, married to Wilma Francis, New York show girl?

* * *

TAKE A BOO:
Clem McCarthy for your too-breathless race calls. *Bob Hope* for being such a highhat. *Edgar Bergen* for allowing yourself to put on SO much weight—what will Charlie's fans think?

* * *

TAKE A BOW:
Walter Winchell, for sticking strictly to politics in your broadcasts—almost every other item is political. *Willet Brown* for presenting "foundlings" to a radio audience. *Cecil De Mille* for conducting the best dramatic shows on the air!

Artie Shaw, the lucky stiff, made himself one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for his picture, "Dancing Co-ed!"

* * *

Barbara Stanwyck deserves a heart salute! On the weekend that she had planned to start her honeymoon, Barbara gave up her time to make a guest appearance on the Children's Home Society for Foundlings Hour, titled: "Nobody's Children" over Mutual. Barbara not only appeared on the show, but placed one of the children in a film home as well.

* * *

Who would be the ideal "date" among the Hollywood radio and film stars? If left up to the mannequins and models of Los Angeles, Dick Powell would be their favorite escort. Marie Chapelle, one of Hollywood's fairest models, recently presented Powell with a certificate naming him the favorite "boy friend" of more than 35 filmland mannequins. Clark Gable was second choice, and Charles Boyer, third.

* * *

You can expect to hear at least a half dozen new film stars on the radio this fall. Newcomers who are springing to stardom overnight, are being paged by the radio agencies for fall dramatic shows. In the lineup you may well hear Kane Richmond, 20th Century Fox star, whose last screen appearance was in "Return of the Cisco Kid." Other hits are Mary Healy and John Payne.

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE GLORIA STUART

win exciting new beauty with MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

GLAMOROUS SCREEN ACTRESS

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, *Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!*

My, what it *does* for a girl—this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is related to the color of your skin, your hair—that eye color is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you.

So now, whether your eyes are blue, brown, hazel or gray—the makers of Marvelous have blended cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. They have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick for you, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately, of course (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for *perfect color harmony*, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—*mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are* right *for you!*

MARVELOUS
MATCHED MAKEUP
KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!
by Richard Hudnut

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

MF-1039

Wife Against Mother

(*Continued from page* 20)

I didn't really want to leave my mother. That's ridiculous, of course —I begged Gladys to marry me for months before she'd consent, and I never had any intention of leaving mother. But she gets so intense and excited, I'm afraid to be too insistent. I'm afraid she might—"

He stopped. I knew what he meant. He meant that she might make another attempt on her life.

"Can't your wife talk to her?" I asked, but he shook his head.

MOTHER refuses to see Gladys. I've tried—Miss Adams, it comes down to this. Mother wants me to ask Gladys for a divorce."

"Oh, no!" I cried in quick horror. "You mustn't do that!"

"Of course I won't," he answered. "But—but Gladys and I can't go along the way we have been for the last two years, either. I've got to consider her, too. She has a right to a home, not the miserable little apartment downtown where she lives now. All this time she's been a good sport, using her maiden name, risking her reputation because we were seen together too much. Now she's getting tired of it, and I don't blame her. We —we aren't like a husband and wife any more—we're like two strangers who don't even like each other very much. If Mother doesn't acknowledge Gladys soon, I'm afraid—I'm afraid our marriage will go on the rocks."

He wasn't asking for sympathy; he didn't want it. But I could see how miserable he was, torn between two deep loyalties, two loves that he couldn't reconcile.

"I'll try," I promised. "I'll see what I can do."

But it wouldn't be easy, I found out that evening.

Donald had gone out, after a dinner which he shared with his mother in her room. Whether or not he was with Gladys I don't know—but certainly Mrs. Gray must have thought he was. She was nervous and restless as she sat in her chair by the fireplace, asking me to read to her and then stopping me in the middle of a chapter, beginning to talk and then falling suddenly silent. Outside a cold wind off the lake howled around the house, and she shivered, although the room was quite warm.

"I hate winter," she fretted. "This is the first winter Donald and I have ever spent in Chicago—usually we go south. But Donald felt this year that business conditions were too bad for him to leave. . . . Of course," she added after a barely perceptible pause, "I know now that wasn't the real reason."

I hesitated. This, if I dared take it, was the opening I had been waiting for. I drew a deep breath and said:

"You know, Mrs. Gray, I met your daughter-in-law."

Instantly, her pretty, soft face changed its expression, became flushed and angry. "She's been here?" she asked.

"Oh yes. She seems like a very charming young girl."

"Indeed? I'm sorry I can't agree, Miss Adams. I simply can't approve of her action in marrying Donald, secretly, behind my back. If they had only told me, come to me for my advice and help, instead of being so—so furtive! And I blame her for it entirely."

"But, Mrs. Adams, isn't it possible that Donald kept it a secret himself, just *because* he was afraid of hurting you?" I didn't dare tell her that I had talked to Donald—her overwrought nerves would immediately accuse him of disloyalty.

She shook her head decisively. "No, my dear, that's not the reason. Of course Gladys knew I would not approve of Donald marrying her, so she persuaded him to keep it a secret."

THERE was simply no arguing with her. In all other ways Mrs. Gray was kind, tolerant, thoughtful of others, but in anything concerning her son she became illogical and selfish and as hard as rock.

She must have seen something of my thoughts in my face, for she said in a softer tone, "It must be difficult for you, a young woman, to realize how I feel. But, Miss Adams—let me tell you something. Twenty years ago, when Donald was only a little boy, Mr. Gray was killed in a traffic accident. Since then, Donald has been my whole life, my only reason for living. Nothing else has meant anything to me. Every plan I've made, has been

made for him. I wanted him to marry, of course—but not so soon! Haven't I the right to expect a few more years of love and affection from him, now that he's grown up?"

She was almost convincing. Her reasoning was false, but her unhappiness was terribly real. No matter what her faults, she was suffering. I couldn't add to that suffering, just then, by saying any more.

But the next afternoon, as two events came one on the heels of the other, the whole intolerable situation was brought swiftly to a head. The first event was Gladys' visit.

DONALD was upstairs with his mother, and I was sitting in the living room when she arrived. I simply looked up, to see her standing in the doorway, pale and small, yet furiously determined.

"Why—hello, Mrs. Gray," I said startled.

"Don't you call me Mrs. Gray!" she snapped. "Call me Miss Watson, or Gladys, or anything—but not Mrs. Gray. I'm so sick of that mockery I could die! . . . I suppose Donald is upstairs with his mother?"

"Why . . . yes. I'll tell him you're here if you—"

"Don't bother," she interrupted. "I'm going up there."

"I wouldn't do that," I said gently. "It wouldn't be wise, right now."

"She's as strong as I am," Gladys laughed shortly. "I think she's just pretending to be sick, to get Donald's sympathy. And it seems to me I'm entitled to a little sympathy myself. I'm married to Donald—but all I get is the consideration you'd give an old shoe."

"Gladys!"

Neither of us had heard Donald come into the room.

She whirled to face him, and visibly made an effort to regain her poise. "I'm sorry, Donald. I—I didn't know what I was saying."

He came farther into the room, running his hand through his already rumpled hair. "I know," he said heavily. "Sometimes I think nobody in this family—except Miss Adams—knows what he's saying."

"Donald," Gladys said in a soft, determined voice. "I came here this afternoon to see your mother. I wanted to tell her that she's ruining your life—making you into a mollycoddle, a weakling. But somehow I don't think that would do any good. I'll tell *you* something, instead."

"We've been through all this before, Gladys—can't you wait a while?"

"I've waited two years, Donald. Two years, with only half a husband. Now I'm not waiting any longer. You must tell your mother that I'm coming to this house, to live as your wife. And you must tell her that today."

The words were brave enough, but there was a suspicious quiver behind them, the brightness of tears in her eyes. Gladys Gray wasn't by any means the strong-willed young lady she was trying to seem; she was driving herself to this bitter scene.

"But—I can't, Gladys!" Donald protested. "At least, not—not today. Of course, I see that something has to be done. But Mother still isn't well, and—and I haven't figured out exactly what I can say to her—maybe, tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow! For two years that's the only word I've heard. I've gone to sleep with it pounding through my brain. But—tomorrow never comes, Donald! Not with you. Because you're afraid!"

"It isn't a matter of being afraid—" he began.

She walked to the door, silently. Then, her hand on the knob, she turned. "I'm sorry," she said. "But it still goes. You must tell your mother—*today*—that I'm coming here to live. Or I won't be your wife any more."

"Gladys! Perhaps if we saw her together!—"

"If you want me, you'll know where to reach me."

He would have followed her into the hall, but I held him back.

It was with a heavy heart that I left Donald and went back upstairs to my patient. If I could only find the words to show Mrs. Gray the mistake she was making!

Mrs. Gray was sitting up, beside the window, looking out into the early winter twilight. She must have seen Gladys go out, but as I came in she only turned and smiled. "Will you get me a handkerchief from my dresser drawer, my dear?" she asked.

BUT the dresser had no handkerchiefs in it, and she directed me to a smaller cabinet in her bathroom. There I found the handkerchiefs—and beneath them, tucked away into an inconspicuous corner, eight white tablets!

Eight sleeping tablets, hidden away out of sight. As nearly as we could tell, thirteen tablets had been missing from the bottle in Mrs. Gray's medicine chest on the day the doctor and I were summoned. But—here

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were eight. They could mean only one thing: she had only pretended to attempt suicide. She had swallowed five tablets, and hidden the other eight.

For what seemed like hours I held the eight innocent-seeming white pills in my hand, trying to think. Should I confront Mrs. Gray with my knowledge of her deception? A cruel course, but perhaps justified. Or—even more cruel—should I betray her to Donald?

And then, out of nowhere—instinct, intuition, perhaps, came the knowledge that I need do neither. That I *could* find words to speak to her—because I must!

Composing my face into the nurse's impersonal mask, I hurried back into Mrs. Gray's room. "Here's the handkerchief," I said. "I had a little trouble finding it."

Normally, I should have gone on moving about the room, just then, doing all the dozens of little things that are part of a nurse's duties. Instead, I sat down near Mrs. Gray.

"Do you mind if I talk to you a little?" I asked her. "I'm—you see, I'm a little worried about my brother and sister."

HER face, which could be so kind and gentle when she was not thinking of Gladys, brightened with interest. "Are you, my dear? Won't you tell me?"

"They're both younger than I—much younger," I explained. "And since Mother died I've tried to be both father and mother to them."

"That must have been quite a responsibility for you," she suggested.

"Well . . . perhaps not such a responsibility as I'm apt to imagine at times. But I've tried so hard to make up for—not having Mother. And, if you'd known Mother, you'd see how hard it would be to take her place."

She followed my lead perfectly. "She must have been a fine woman."

"Oh, she was more than that," I said eagerly. "Her greatest happiness was in her home and her family."

"Of course," Mrs. Gray said approvingly. "That's every mother's greatest happiness."

"I think so," I agreed. "But my mother seemed to have a little different viewpoint when it came to her own family. It was never what we could do for her—it was always what she could do for us that brought her the most happiness, the most contentment. She never expected duty from her children. She believed that after a child had reached maturity he owed something to society—as a member of a family, I mean. You see, her idea of a family was a never-ending circle. Death—yes, death made one person or another drop out of the circle, but there were others that were constantly coming in—grandchildren and great-grandchildren, to take their places. . . . Oh, how she used to wish for the day she could spread a white tablecloth, not for herself, not for her three children, and my father—but for her children's children."

She had listened silently, patiently. I could not tell from her face whether or not my words had meant anything to her in her own problem. Now she asked, in a dubious voice: "You really believe that, Miss Adams?"

"I must believe it—because I know I had the kind of parents who never lived for themselves. I wouldn't have the fine memories of them that I have today, if they'd thought that I owed them everything—that because they'd brought me into the world I still didn't have a life of my own to lead—the right to marry and to raise my own family. . . ."

The steady, intelligent gaze of those blue eyes flickered for only a moment, but it was enough to tell me that she read and understood the message I was trying to give her—that the only way to secure your children's love was not to demand it. Strangely, with that knowledge, I lost the assurance that had carried me along so far. "I—I hope I'm not boring you with all this talk of my own family—I'm sorry—" I faltered.

"No, Miss Adams, you're not boring me," she said. "You think I'm a foolish, possessive woman, don't you?"

"No! I don't think that at all!" I cried. "I think you are unhappy—because you're making yourself so, neednessly."

"I see. . . ." She paused, and in the silence, I felt my heart begin to pound. I guessed what her next words would be, and I dreaded answering them—dreaded it because I hated to hurt her. She said: "Tell me, my dear—did you find anything else in that drawer, when you went after the handkerchief?"

I dropped my eyes. "Yes, Mrs. Gray," I said.

She sighed. "I thought so. I forgot I had put them there. And when you were gone so long, I remembered, and I was sure you had found them. I—" Her knuckles, where she clutched the handkerchief I had brought her, were white. "I began, then, seeing myself as you must see me. And it wasn't a pretty sight."

I didn't answer, and for a long time we sat in silence.

WOULD she never speak? A log fell with a sharp crack in the fireplace; a spatter of sleet blew against the window. And then a thin, blue-veined hand touched mine.

She was smiling when I looked up. "Miss Adams, I am more grateful to you than I can ever say. But will you do one more thing for me? Will you call—my daughter-in-law and ask her to come here, this evening, for dinner? And—tell her I hope I can persuade her to move into this house, to live?"

"Oh, Mrs. Gray—I'll be so glad to!"

"You know," she said, "I think being a grandmother might be nice

It would have been pleasant to stay that evening for dinner, as Mrs. Gray wanted me to, and see those three faces I had grown to like and respect looking upon each other with love instead of jealousy. But, somehow, I I knew that I would be the extra, unneeded guest at that table, so I slipped out of the house, a few minutes before Gladys was due to arrive.

I walked down the cold, wintry street, leaving the warmth of the Gray mansion behind me. But I felt neither lonely nor cold. My heart was dancing for joy inside me.

At the corner, I turned and looked back. A taxi stopped in front of the house just then, and a girl's slim, small figure got out and went running up toward the open front door.

Next month, an intimate word-portrait of the woman who writes not only the Woman in White radio dramas, but The Guiding Light and The Road of Life programs as well—Irna Phillips, one of radio's most remarkable personalities.

Comedy Cavalcade

(*Continued from page 37*)

minute Snooks tries a new track.)

SNOOKS: Daddy, I'll go away if you'll buy me an ice cream cone.

DADDY: You can't have any ice cream cones. I can't afford it.

SNOOKS: Ain't you rich, Daddy?

DADDY: No—I'm not rich. That is, not in cash—but I'm wealthy in other things, I guess. . . . Oh, my head!

SNOOKS: What are you wealthy in?

DADDY: Well, I have your mother, and you, and your baby sister. I place a great value on all of you.

SNOOKS: How much?

DADDY: Oh, I don't know. I guess I rate you at a million dollars, your mother at a million and—and the baby at half a million.

SNOOKS: Oh. Daddy?

DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: Sell the baby and buy me an ice cream cone!

(*Practical little thing, isn't she?*)

DADDY: Listen, Snooks, you're old enough to learn not to ask for so many things, and to give a little more.

SNOOKS: Give what, Daddy?

DADDY: Well, for instance, you have a lot of toys. Only last month you got that great big doll for a present.

SNOOKS: You mean the one that Uncle Louie sent me?

DADDY: Yes. And that poor little Smith girl down the street has no toys, and no Uncle Louie to send her any. Now, wouldn't you like to give her that doll?

SNOOKS: No.

DADDY: Well, what would you like to give her?

SNOOKS: Uncle Louie!

(*Daddy knows darn well he'll get no peace until he gives in, but he goes stubbornly on:*)

DADDY: Oh, Snooks, I'm afraid you're not imbued with the spirit of charity. I want you to be kind, and generous.

SNOOKS: Uh-huh.

DADDY: You'll be much happier, too. You'll learn what a wonderful thrill there is in giving—much greater than in receiving.

SNOOKS: Uh-huh.

DADDY: Do you know why I'm telling you all these things?

SNOOKS: Yes, Daddy. 'Cause you don't want to buy me the ice cream cone!

DADDY: That's not it at all! I thought maybe you'd remember that Monday is my birthday, and—and you might buy me a little present.

SNOOKS: Awight, Daddy. I'll see how much money I got in my little Piggie Bank.

DADDY (*Groaning.*): Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oohh. . . . Thank heaven. Now maybe I'll get some rest.

(*The dope. He knows he'll get no rest while Snooks is in the room. Pretty soon we hear the sound of hammering, and Daddy yells:*)

DADDY: Snooks! What's that noise!

SNOOKS: I lost the key to my bank and I gotta break it open (*She goes right on hammering.*)

DADDY: Ooohh! Please stop!

(*The hammering stops.*)

SNOOKS: I got it open now, Daddy.

DADDY: Good. Now leave me alone.

SNOOKS: Awight. . . . You know what I'm gonna buy you for your birthday?

DADDY: No—what?

SNOOKS: A new watch.

DADDY: That's foolish, Snooks. I've

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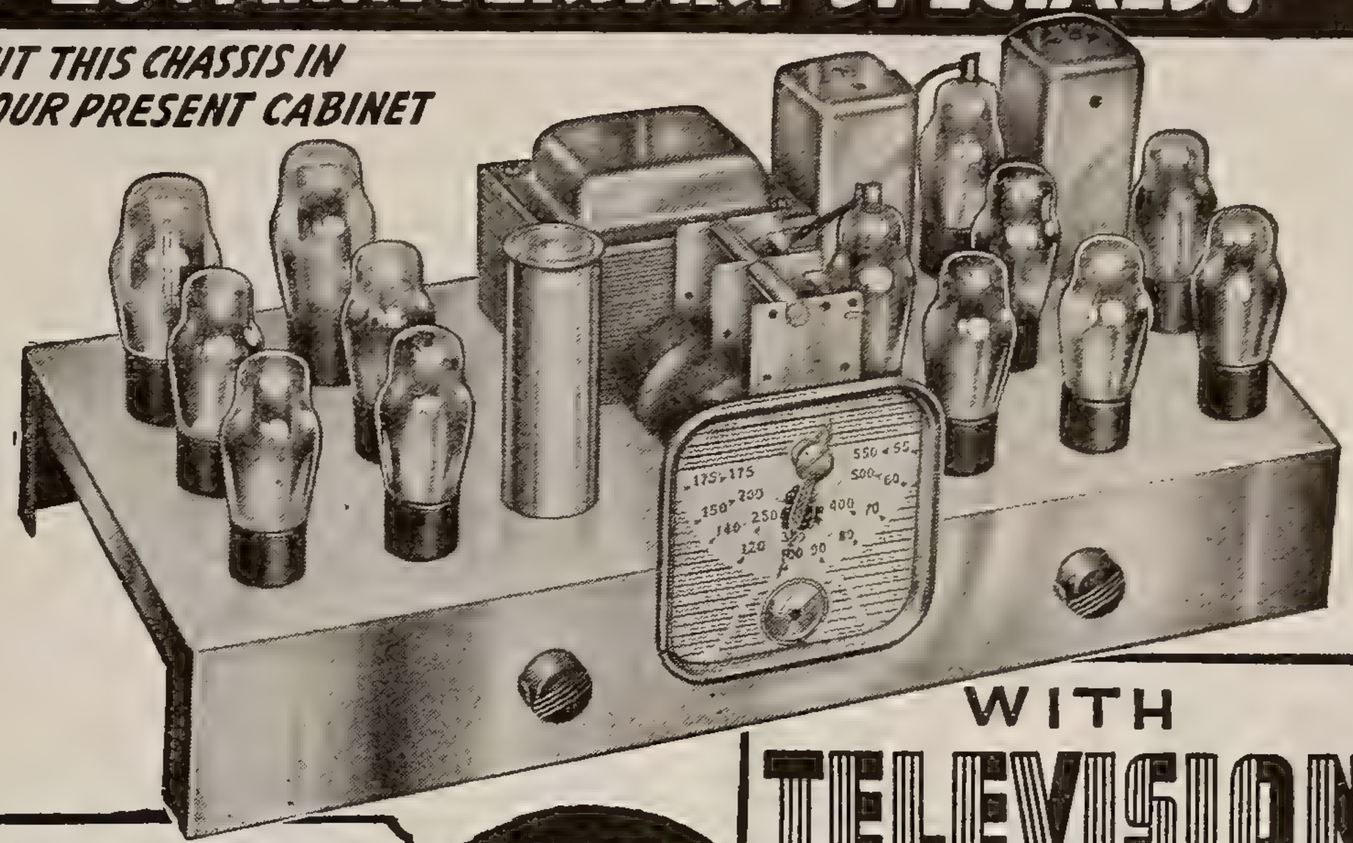

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already got a very fine watch.

SNOOKS: No you ain't, Daddy.

DADDY (*Suddenly full of a horrible suspicion.*): Why do you say that?

SNOOKS: 'Cause I just used it to break open my bank!

(*And what happens after that? You're right—Snooks gets spanked and leaves the stage crying—while Eddie steps up to introduce his next guest.*)

EDDIE: You know, folks, it's always a real thrill to see a young comedian come along and quickly win his place in the public's affection. After all, fellows like Jack Benny and myself can't last forever. At least Benny can't.—It gives me great pleasure to bring you Bob Hope!

(*The orchestra swings into "Thanks for the Memory" as Bob enters.*)

BOB: Thank you very much, Eddie. I'm very happy to be here—Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen . . . isn't this a great show—I mean up to now?

We've been having wonderful weather here in Hollywood lately. Of course, we had a slight washout today—I wouldn't say it rained *hard.* But they're thinking of putting a saucer under the Hollywood Bowl! It never rains in California . . . occasionally the orange juice overflows. Besides, they don't call it rain . . . they call it California champagne because it comes down in buckets!

(*Even the California people laugh at that, and Bob follows it up with:*)

I set a mousetrap this morning, and caught a herring!

But to change the subject, I was out with Mickey Rooney in his car the other night. He's got a swell car, just the thing for driving down Hollywood Boulevard. It comes with the fenders already smashed in.

(*Laughter.*)

Well, as I was saying, I was out on a date with him the other night. . . . Just Mickey, myself, and two girls. The two girls were with Mickey, I found out later. But he finally gave me one of them. She was a pretty kid. Looked like Tobacco Road on a wet night. Her face looked like it had worn out four bodies.

We took the girls for a ride. And Mickey—that boy thinks of everything. He's got one of those new speedometers. When he goes fifty a green light flashes on. When he goes twenty a blue light flashes. Then when he parks . . . red flashes, and the doors lock automatically.

(*Laughter.*)

But my time is up now—and before I go I just want to say that maybe you didn't know it but Hollywood has been quarantined for the last year and a half. That's a fact. But everything is all right now—the Scarlett Fever is over! Good night, ladies and gentlemen.

(*The orchestra plays Bob off the stage, and Eddie returns to introduce his next guest.*)

EDDIE: And now, here's one of radio's truly happily married couples—two people who defy all lunacy commissions—George Burns and Gracie Allen!

(*The orchestra strikes a chord and George and Gracie come bounding onto the stage. But Gracie just stands there smiling.*)

GEORGE: Well, Gracie, say hello.

GRACIE: I don't feel like saying hello, and when I don't feel like saying hello, I won't say hello, and nobody can make me say hello.

GEORGE (*Wearily.*): Gracie, say hello.

GRACIE: Hello.

GEORGE: Gracie, you remember Eddie Cantor?

GRACIE: Oh yes, I know him very well—but, George, who is this? (*She points at Eddie.*)

EDDIE: Gracie, *I'm* Eddie Cantor.

GRACIE: Well . . . your face is familiar.

GEORGE: But you don't remember the name?

GRACIE: I would if I heard it.

(*Laughter.*)

GEORGE: Gracie, did you ever hear of Ida?

GRACIE: What station is she on?

(*George gives up, and turns the job over to Eddie.*)

EDDIE: Gracie, you remember me—the five daughters.

GRACIE: *Ohhhh*—the five daughters! That Warner Brothers picture—I saw that. Which one were you?

GEORGE: Gracie, that wasn't five daughters, it was "Four Daughters."

GRACIE: Oh—one of them is too young to work, huh?

(*Eddie gets desperate.*)

EDDIE: George, can't we get on another subject?

GEORGE: Sure, just ask her how her brother is.

EDDIE: Then what happens?

GEORGE: She talks for about two hundred years.

EDDIE: Pardon me a minute.—Ida, if you're listening in, I'll be a little late for dinner—Now we'll start. Gracie, how is your brother?

GRACIE: Which one? The one who's living or the picture producer?

EDDIE: Oh—the picture producer.

GRACIE: Of course, he's only my brother by marriage.

EDDIE: Your brother isn't married.

GRACIE: My mother and father are, and he's their son.

(*Eddie retires to recover from that blow, and George takes over.*)

GEORGE: That's very interesting.

GRACIE: Of course, my mother hasn't seen much of my brother because he ran away from home when he was thirty-nine.

GEORGE: I'll bet it upset the folks when they found out the kid was missing.

GRACIE: Well, they would have been upset, only my mother didn't know he was missing for three years. Every morning for three years she brought up a plate of oatmeal, and after three years she noticed the room was filled with oatmeal, so she said to herself, "The poor kid must be sick, he's not eating."

EDDIE: Did she call the police?

GRACIE: No, she ate the oatmeal herself.

(*Eddie moans.*)

GEORGE: Gracie, she ate all that oatmeal by herself?

GRACIE: Yeah, that's on account of Mrs. Phillips didn't eat it.

GEORGE: Mrs. Phillips? How did she get into this?

GRACIE: That's the old woman that's been living with us for five years.

GEORGE: Well, who is she?

GRACIE: We don't know.

EDDIE: There's an old woman living in your house for five years and you don't know who she is?

GRACIE: My brother won her at a raffle.

GEORGE *and* EDDIE *together:* Help!

(*And while George and Eddie go to Palm Springs for a rest cure, our special all-star radio broadcast comes to an end.*)

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 10)

Do I Love You." Mrs. Roosevelt insists on hearing "The Man I Love," and is an excellent dancer.

* * *

George Hall is being dogged by bad luck. Recently his wife passed away. Then last month in Cleveland the genial conductor was rushed to New York for an emergency operation. Dolly Dawn substituted in front of the band.

* * *

Eddy Duchin is having a tough time vigorously denying those rumors that he has turned Catholic and that he will marry his child's nurse.

* * *

Here's a real advance booking: Jimmie Lunceford will play the New York Paramount theater the week of November 29.

* * *

Rudy Vallee will be heard over Mutual September 1 to 5 from Atlantic City's Steel Pier.

* * *

Bunny Berigan and Jack Teagarden have both hired new carolers. Bunny grabbed Ellen Kaye to replace Wendy Bishop and Teagarden signed Dolores O'Neil and Kitty Kallen to fill Linda Keene's assignment.

* * *

The Dick Barrie musicians have a mascot named "Juarez." They picked the pooch up when the band visited that Mexican City while on tour.

SENTIMENTAL SAMMY

THE rare phenomenon of a sweet band rising to fame in the midst of the recent swing craze can only be attributed to the forceful personality of the man in front of the band.

When most dispensers of sweet music were crying over their wilted waltzes and the jive merchants basked happily in the public's favor, Sammy Kaye quietly took his "Swing and Sway" music from a two-bit college cafe to recognition across the national airlanes.

Breathless dancers were milling around any band, good, bad or indifferent as long as it blared forth a shag number, when Sammy Kaye was entrancing undergraduates at Ohio University's Varsity Inn. The owner of this campus retreat was not behind the times. He just could not get excited over swing. Any other proprietor would have thrown the singing titles and mellow saxophones into the nearby parking lot. But this restauranteur was different. His name was Sammy Kaye.

Successful as a college bandleader and cafe proprietor, Sammy cast a tilted nose at the swing sweep. Let the jitterbugs stomp merrily around the musical may pole. Sammy Kaye would play sweet.

The Varsity Inn customers liked Sammy's music. Even the old timers in the sleepy college town smiled to themselves as the music drifted through the screened windows to the street below. Surely, reckoned the observant Mr. Kaye, there must be millions more like them from coast to coast.

That Sammy Kaye was correct is proven by the facts. He is currently touring the one night stands at a handsome profit before returning October 1 to the Palm Room of New York's Hotel Commodore.

If you live in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, New York or any of the other states Kaye will visit you'll notice that the leader's high cheek bones and sinewy frame reveal a hard worker, a careful thinker and a tough taskmaster at rehearsals. And band bookers know better than to haggle with Sammy over financial matters. College gave him a razor-edged financial background.

But this veneer hides from first view the one ingredient that dominates his lithe frame—an ingredient that just couldn't make Sammy Kaye play swing music. He's a sentimentalist and proud of it.

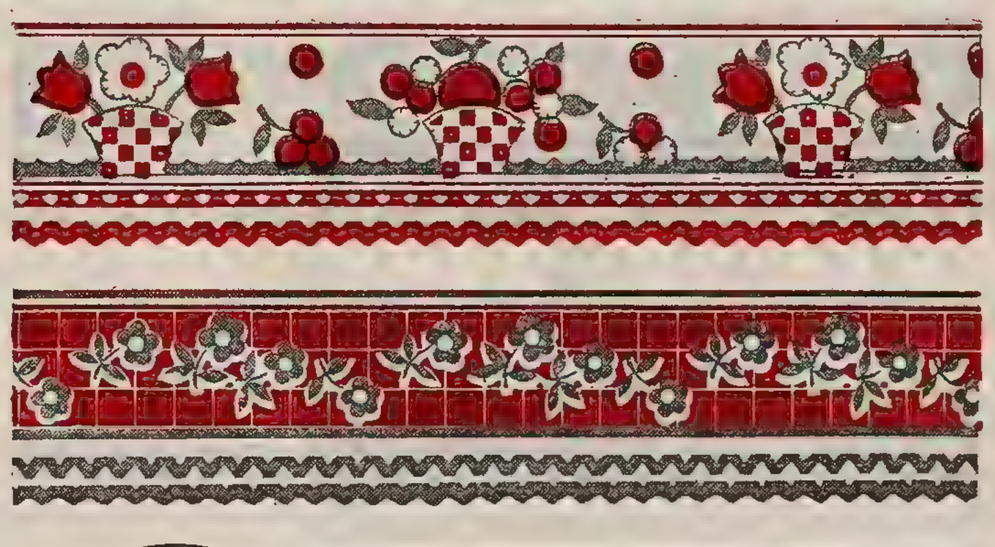
Sammy Kaye has based his orchestra on the fact that the majority of radio listeners just can't resist a sentimental tune—old, new or blue—and they want it played slowly so that it doesn't resemble a cannibal's theme song.

Thus while the Shaws, Goodmans, Crosbys, and Millers were swept to

DOESN'T CURL...LONGER LASTING...BETTER LOOKING

You've never used a shelving like the new improved ROYLEDGE. Smart, beautiful—every closet looks better with it. The double-layer edge stays neat, crisp, and keeps clean for months!

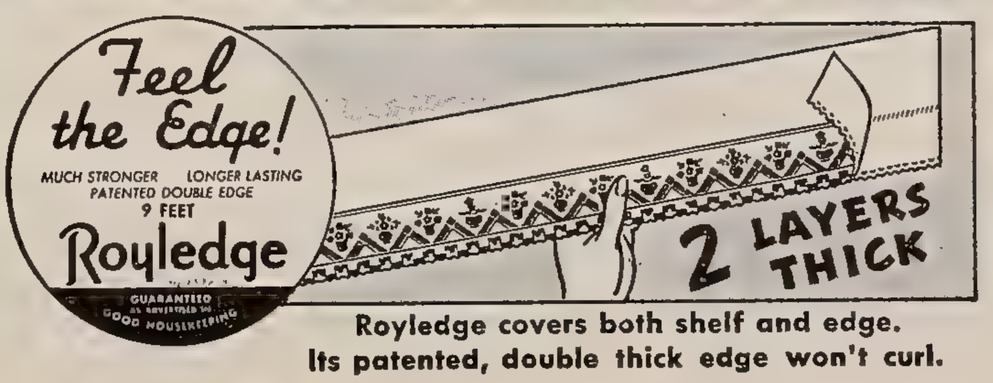
A True Bargain in Beauty—for 5¢ buys 9 full feet of Royledge! A few nickels will do up every closet in your home—handsomely! Many lovely patterns, in the exact colors you need, at any 5¢-and-10¢, neighborhood or dept. store. (10¢ sizes, too.) ROYLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Royledge

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"FEEL THE EDGE"



Royledge covers both shelf and edge. Its patented, double thick edge won't curl.

Now you can double-dare the harshest daylight or evening spot-light to show a trace of line, freckle or blemish. Look lovelier than you ever dreamed—by using the new POWD'R-BASE stick.

POWD'R-BASE
hampden

Buy *your* shade at Drug, Dept., & Chain Stores

TRAIN FOR Electricity in 12 Weeks in Shops of Coyne —Learn by doing—many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK. and my "PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN. H. C. Lewis, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL 500 South Paulina Street, Dept. 79-64, Chicago, Ill.

FREE ENLARGEMENT
Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.
Geppert Studios, Dept. 546, Des Moines, Iowa

Wake up your liver bile
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

the top of the heap by a wave of enthusiasm, the Cleveland-born Kaye stuck to his sweet tooth. The sentimental stand brought dividends.

In July Sammy played three weeks at the New York Strand theater at $8,500 a week. Not bad for a guy who only just managed to stay four years in college by winning an athletic scholarship for track and football, and by performing more footwork as a waiter in the college dining hall.

Despite this fantastic sum for the personal appearances, Sammy actually figures he lost $50,000 in 1939.

In the Fall of 1938 Sammy moved his band to New York for his first big league engagement—the Palm Room of the hotel Commodore with two network wires. But Kaye's thirteen men were not members of the local Musicians Union. Kaye had to pay a certain percentage of his earnings to the union until he had completed nine consecutive months' work in New York. Only after that period had been served could the Ohioans become full-fledged members of the New York local.

The Commodore contract was for seven months. As other bands headed for the hinterlands where lucrative one-night stands awaited them, Kaye had to remain in New York to work out two more months. Fortunately Sammy received an offer from the Essex House. His band played there until mid-July, completely rounding out the nine-month stretch—but losing out on the big money a summer road tour would have brought.

Sammy had to accept the Strand theater engagement while he was still ensconsed in the Essex House. This meant that Sammy had to pay for a stand-by band at the hotel when he and his men could not make certain dance sets due to their stage work. Through the Music Corporation of America, Sammy hired Ron Perry's band to pinch-hit. Naturally the money came out of Sammy's pocket.

The twin engagements tired the troupe. They opened at the Strand on a Friday. Their Thursday night dance session at the hotel concluded at 1 A. M. When the last dancer grudgingly filed out of the room, the boys jumped off the bandstand, hurriedly packed their assorted instruments into waiting taxis which took them to the theater for rehearsal. At 4 A. M. most of the boys climbed into bed. Those who lived in the suburbs never got to bed at all, for three hours later they were due back at the theater for more rehearsal. The first show went on at 10 A. M. and they played four more after the morning stint. Between these appearances the band shuttled to the Essex House for two sets that absorbed five hours work. The following day the boys played six shows at the Strand.

"We were tired," admitted Sammy, "but it was the biggest dough my outfit had ever made."

TO the leader it meant more than that. His family had struggled desperately to keep the Ohio brand of wolf away from the door. He got within sniffing distance quite often. The only way Sammy could listen to his favorite band—a bunch called the Lombardos—was to strain his ear outside the restaurant where the Canadians were installed.

Fleet of foot on the cinder path and gridiron while at high school, Sammy won an athletic scholarship at Ohio University. Here Sammy and the seven boys who now form the nucleus of his organization, huddled around a muffled phonograph and clinically analyzed the current dance band favorites long after curfew had rung. An obscure Gus Arnheim arrangement intrigued Sammy and from it he wove the basic style of "swing and sway."

Sammy, Charlie Wilson, the singer, Lloyd Gilliam (trumpet), Frank Oblake (trumpet), Paul Cunningham (bass), Ralph Flanagan (piano), Er-

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy of Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation. Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

nie Rudisill (drums) and George Branden (sax) plus six fresh recruits made their professional debut, after a training in Sammy's Varsity Inn, in Cleveland. However it was in Bill Green's Casino on the outside of Pittsburgh that the band attracted attention, thanks to their first Mutual network wire.

A pumped-up feud between Kaye and Kay Kyser helped rather than hurt the band. Today the furor has faded. Kyser is established as one of the country's great production bands and Kaye concentrates on strictly dance tempos. They have never met.

The adage that "anything can happen to a dance band" clipped the Kaye crew in a strange way. Some bands have trouble with their men, others with temperament. Sammy has never been bothered with either. He has the same men working for him that he employed six years ago.

Kaye has always concentrated on scoring his own tunes and working out the technique with arranger Frank "Pump" Haendle. Of the 12,000 tunes in the Kaye books, each one has been carefully scored by Sammy.

"Most bands are at the mercy of their arranger," Sammy pointed out, "I don't need to take that risk."

At 29, Sammy has everything to look forward to—including a mate. The lovely dark-eyed girl who was seen almost every night last season in the Hotel Commodore Palm Room seemed to have the inside track to sharing the name of Sammy Kaye but Sammy answers that one slyly: "It's just in the back of my mind. Married life to me means a home and kids. I don't want to come home at dawn in a dinner jacket nor do I want to spend six months of each year bundled in a lower berth."

That makes Sammy Kaye's marital plans vague because "swing and sway" will be a clarion call to sentimental swingsters for some time to come.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

Rendezvous Time in Paree—We Can Live on Love (Bluebird B10309) Glen Miller—Two smash tunes from the Broadway hit "Streets of Paris" handsomely treated by this rising organization. Spirited showmanship.

Stand By For Further Announcements; I'm Sorry For Myself (Brunswick 8392) Kay Kyser—Excellent proof why Kyser is at the top of the heap. A bright spot on any waxwork enhanced by crisp caroling of Sully Mason.

Paradise; Love For Sale (Victor 26278) Hal Kemp—Victor got so excited over this smooth revival of hit tunes that they sent the records out in advance. I'm glad they did. It gave me the opportunity to play it more often. A classic with grade-A warbling by the Smoothies and Nan Wynn.

Cinderella Stay in My Arms; Address Unknown (Decca 2520A) Guy Lombardo. Languid Lombardo for the more romantic readers of this pillar.

Stairway to the Stars; White Sails (Victor 26267) Sammy Kaye. Clean-cut workmanship by a man who takes his tunes seriously and gives them much more respect than they deserve.

A Home in the Clouds; My Heart Has Wings (Bluebird 10320) Shep Fields. The rippling rhythms come home to roost. Not so much ripple as was in evidence two years ago and all for the better. Don't give up on Shep.

Some Like It Swing

Souvenir; Flight of the Bumble Bee (Brunswick 8396) Matty Malneck. The kind of a record that sets you rockin'. Fine musicianship and able transposition of classics to the modern idium. The swing platter of the month.

Well All Right; All I Remember Is You (Victor 26281) Tommy Dorsey. Well balanced Dorsey. Swing on one side, sweet on the other, with the former more in evidence. Edythe Wright back in stride.

Yankee Doodle; I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues (Brunswick 8397) Jack Teagarden. The ace trombonist blows away languidly and lavishly and even chirps on the second side to come down the stretch with blue ribbon recording.

Miss Thing (Vocalion 4860) Count Basie. The result of an authentic jam session. Designed for pure swingsters. Others won't stand the strain.

S'posin'; I'll Never Learn (Decca 2510) Andy Kirk. A band that is getting talked about throughout the colleges of the land and rightly so. Solid swing and thoughtful vocalizing by the strangely-handled Pha Terrell.

I Poured My Heart Into a Song; When Winter Comes (Bluebird B10307) Art Shaw. The clarinet crown prince, fit as a fiddle, after a siege, bounces back admirably with a pair of Irving Berlin ditties from the flikker, "Second Fiddle."

Tit Willow; Lamp Is Low (Vocalion 4860) Mildred Bailey. Not for Savoyards but recommended to all who enjoy the superb singing of the rocking chair lady. She stands out like a beacon over the heads of average dance band vocalists who seem monotonously similar.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS WHO ARE SKINNY

SAYS MANY ARE SKINNY BECAUSE THEY NEED VITAMIN B AND IRON. SUPPLIED IN IRONIZED YEAST

Posed by professional model

Read how thousands of thin, nervous, tired people have gained 10 to 25 pounds, new strength—quick

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of men and women are thin and rundown—often tired and nervous—sometimes just picking at their meals and sleeping poorly at night—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. It has been found that without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you can get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And if you need these substances, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report gains of 10 to 25 naturally attractive pounds in just a few weeks! Their tired feeling and jitteryness seem to have just flown away. They enjoy their food, sleep fine and get up in the morning full of pep and rarin to go. They're entirely different, much more attractive persons, easily winning many new friends and enjoying life as never before.

Make this money-back test

Get a package of Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today and try them on this fair and square money-back test. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.
See your local newspaper for exact time and station

LIFE BEGINS IN *Autumn!*

. . . Crisp days, radiant highways invite trips to School, Fun or Fairs

by GREYHOUND

Millions sing the praises of the Good Old Summertime, but other millions hold that "Life Begins in Autumn"! Up goes the crescendo of living! School, late vacations, fall sports, World's Fairs, business plans—all go into high-gear! To make the most of Autumn—travel now and travel Greyhound.

The cost is only a fraction of driving expense—yet your relaxation is complete, as your Super-Coach cruises smoothly along bright-bordered highways. Go Greyhound—go now.

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

New York City, 245 W. 50th St.
Cleveland, O., E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa., Broad St. Sta.
Chicago, Ill. . . 12th & Wabash
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
Detroit, Mich., Washington Blvd. . . . . at Grand River
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
Boston, Mass. . 60 Park Square
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
Cincinnati, Ohio, 630 Walnut St.
San Francisco, Cal. . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 905 Commerce St.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 155 Summers Street
Richmond, Va., 412 E. Broad St.
Memphis, Tenn., 527 N. Main St.
New Orleans, La. . . . . 400 North Rampart Street
Lexington, Ky., 801 N. Limestone
Windsor, Ont., 403 Ouellette Ave.
London, England . . . . . A.B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

GREYHOUND Lines

Hurry! Get Free World's Fair Booklet, Trip Facts

This is the most delightful World's Fair Season—so clip and mail the coupon to nearest information office listed above, for colorful booklet, rates and routes to NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐, or SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION ☐. (Please check which one.) If you want information on any other trip, jot down place you would like to visit, on margin below.

Name _____

Address _____ MF-10

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 8)

four players, and the team scoring the greatest number of "runs" gets $20 in cash.

The theater-lobby quiz takes place just as people are coming out of the nine o'clock show at one of the six theaters chosen for the game. Contestants are graded according to their promptness, clarity, and manner of presentation in answering, and get prizes of considerable value. The cleverest part of this quiz, though, is that it's recorded and then rebroadcast over WSAI at noon of the next day, so that if you were on the show at night you can listen to your own voice.

* * *

Biggest party of the year was that given by Bob Ripley the night before the formal opening of his new Odditorium on Broadway. The two floors of the show-place, already full of strange objects gathered by Bob from all over the world, were crammed to bursting with guests—in fact, most of them had to be invited back again during the next couple of weeks, because they hadn't been able to look around them properly the first time.

* * *

Radio-ambitious folks have a new friend in Ernest Cutting, former talent scout for NBC, who has opened a New York office on Fifth Avenue for the discovery of new stars. Cutting is finding his talent through recordings and photographs. His plan demands only that an aspiring star send him a recording of his or her performance, together with a photograph. He'll listen to the record, look at the picture, and decide whether or not the sender should be offered by him to sponsors or advertising agencies.

* * *

Major Bowes has a new pet of which he's very proud. It's a French poodle, son of Rumpelstiltskin, who was judged best dog in America at the American Kennel Club's show last year. The puppy's name is Just Plain Bill, after the hero of the famous radio serial.

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 3)

THIRD PRIZE

IT PUTS YOU ON THE SPOT!

There is nothing more deflating to the ego than listening to the much-discussed radio program, Information Please. The minute I tune in for this divertisement I feel my so-called mentality drop far below sea-level. It is most discouraging.

The thing that always astounds me is the amazing, versatile knowledge of the erudite gentleman, John Kiernan—an encyclopedic biped, if there ever was one! He knows all the answers, yet he is not pedantic but wears his laurel wreath with becoming modesty. It is incredible that any mere man should be so well-informed on so many subjects.

DOROTHY HERMAN,
Hollywood, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE

I DISAGREE!

Radio is one of our best entertainments. If we had more singers like Dorothy Lamour and more programs like the Chase and Sanborn program, I'd enjoy radio lots more.

I've purchased Radio Mirror ever since it was published and think it is the best magazine on any newsstand. I never miss your letters of opinion and think they are interesting. But one lady wrote, saying she dislikes Dorothy Lamour. I'm afraid I can't agree with her, and I'm sure nine out of ten radio fans will also disagree. For a girl who came up as fast as Miss Lamour did, she must be good.

MARILYN JACOBSEN,
Worcester, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH "DOTTY"?

In the July issue of Radio Mirror I observed a letter of disapproval of the manner in which Don Ameche announces "Dotty". What's the matter with it? Good heavens! The program isn't supposed to be clowning and nothing else! What normal man wouldn't "drip with sweetness" over "Dotty?" I am an enthusiastic Dorothy Lamour fan, so I say, "Hooray for Don and Dotty."

MISS HELEN LAMBERT,
Pretty Prairie, Kansas

SIXTH PRIZE

DO RADIO SERIALS SET A BAD EXAMPLE?

I spend years teaching my children that nagging, bickering and yelling at one another in the home is degrading and disgusting. Then the story hours come on the radio, and what do we hear? Supposedly intelligent men and women yelling and screeching at one another. Their highly dramatic voices are anything but human and natural. It is no wonder children of today start out in life with a snarl and end it up that way. All parents are not as these radio family dramas would have children believe. Some are still capable of quiet conversation without bickerings and accusations.

I wonder which examples the children will follow—their quiet, nice homes or radio's brawling homes?

MRS. R. A. GOSS,
Augusta, Maine

SEVENTH PRIZE

ALL IN FAVOR, SAY?

Your magazine is swell, darn swell, I'll admit, but what gets me is why you have to print so many continued stories in it! Do you think in that way you'll get someone to buy your magazine continuously from then on? Well, I think your magazine is great enough without these serials. Sometimes when I start a story and it comes to a continued ending, I feel like tearing the darn book up. I have been reading Radio Mirror for years now, and this is the only one thing I don't like about it.

MISS MARY BENYA,
Dunbar, Pa.

WHAT BECOMES OF THOSE

Dine-&-Dance Girls?

A REVELATION OF FACTS AND AN EYE-OPENING WARNING TO EVERY PARENT IN AMERICA!

On the outskirts of nearly every community on America's main automobile arteries you'll find them, the dine-and-dance girls, hostesses in the roadside emporiums, eager to serve refreshments to the parched motorist and ready to chat intimately with him in the semi-privacy of a booth or dance to the hot rhythm of the music vending machine or the radio. Young girls, perhaps too young, with hard faces and brittle eyes that tragically belie their youthfulness.

Where do they come from? How do they manage to eke out a living? What becomes of them? Is America facing a new and dangerous growth of sin along its roadsides? Is your daughter or your son, your sister or your brother, stopping at a dine-and-dance dive on the way home from local dances and private parties? Do you know what may be happening there?

True Story Magazine believes everyone should know! That is why it obtained the inside story that, beginning in the new October issue, is going to startle many unsuspecting people! Disclosed by a runaway mountain girl who found herself hopelessly in the power of a dine-and-dance racketeer until—but you will find her revelations eye-opening and shocking. Be warned of what conditions can be. Read every word of DINE AND DANCE GIRL. Start with the opening episodes today in the new October issue, on sale at the nearest news stand! Be sure you get

True Story

Backstage Wife

(*Continued from page* 40)

"Yes, of course." She stood there, waiting for him to drop his shield of brisk impersonality. It was so little she wanted—a word, a caress, a smile.

"Catherine says," he added, opening some mail that lay on his make-up table, "that Secretary Woring's wife is arranging a big party for the opening night. And several other important people are interested too."

"That's wonderful, Larry. I'm so glad . . . Larry—I was wondering—"

"Hmmmm?"

"Can't we go out to dinner, somewhere? There are so many things I want to say to you."

"I'm sorry, darling," he said abstractedly. "Some other time. As a matter of fact, Catherine wanted me to ask you if you wouldn't come to dinner at her place tonight. She's having a few people in."

Go to Catherine's? Endure another evening of being patronized, finding herself put in the wrong at every turn? Suddenly Mary was furiously angry, but with an effort she controlled her voice.

"No, I don't think I care to, thanks. Shall I see you at rehearsal tomorrow?"

He looked at her, his eyes darkly shadowed. "Yes, I guess so," he said at last.

SHE stumbled through the darkness of the theater backstage. She knew now. Catherine was a heroine, a great patriot, not a disreputable spy—and therefore so much the more dangerous to her. Now she was deprived of the one weapon she had had against Catherine: her dubious profession. All at once Mary saw herself in the role the other woman had created for her—as the jealous, nagging wife, all her efforts to preserve her marriage turned into caricatures, mockeries.

Very well. Dully, Mary made up her mind. She had vowed that this time should be the last. And it would be. Catherine had defeated her, and there was nothing left for her to do but retire as gracefully as possible—give Larry up.

And then she thought of the play—and knew she could not cut herself adrift entirely. That play was as surely part of her as it was part of Larry. She could not and would not let Larry and Catherine between them ruin it. Neither of them knew the first thing about the business details of a stage production; Larry was an actor, not a manager, and Catherine was merely a dabbler. Left to themselves, there was no telling what they would do.

Walking blindly through Washington's crowded late-afternoon streets, she made a resolution. She would keep her position as business manager of the company until the play was firmly established on Broadway, and then . . .

Beyond that point, there was nothing but darkness, and loneliness.

Even this was not an easy resolution to keep, she learned in the busy days that followed. Detail piled upon detail, but she would not have minded that. What made it difficult was watching Larry defer to Catherine's suggestions instead of hers; being forced to use diplomacy, argument, or downright dictatorial methods over even the smallest matters. Not that Catherine ever let a dispute come to

"MODESTY" CONDEMNED ME TO AGONY!

The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

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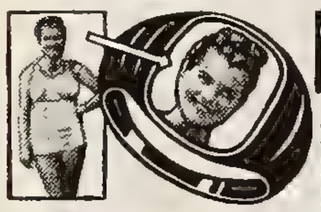

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a head. She was far too clever for that. Mary and Larry were the ones who argued, never Mary and Catherine. Catherine played perfectly her role of cool, wordly-wise helper; while Mary, hot and disheveled, rushed from scenic designer to rehearsal, from stage manager to director, from lawyer to costumer, Catherine stood aside, perfectly groomed, ready to give Larry her sympathy and flattery.

And, worst of all, Mary knew that they could never have produced the play at all without Catherine's financial backing.

It was only as the last curtain fell on the opening night, and the fashionable Washington audience burst into enthusiastic applause, that Mary could relax. At least, it was a hit here. There was no doubt of that. Larry was receiving curtain call after curtain call.

Now—the rest of the week in Washington, and then back to New York. Perhaps, she thought with sudden hope, in New York she would be free of Catherine.

THAT hope, she discovered soon enough, was absurd. A mere matter of geography could not keep Catherine from Larry's side. In every part of the preparation for the New York opening she made her presence felt, just as in Washington. Always charming, tactful, yet always maneuvering Mary into the position of a henpecking, dictating wife.

There was the matter of the theater itself, for one thing. Mary, urging economy, wanted to stage the play in the small Greenwich Village theater where their rent and overhead were low. But Larry and Catherine, together, insisted on going into a larger house uptown, in the Times Square district. And while the point hung in dispute, the fates themselves took Catherine's side. The estate that owned the little Greenwich Village theater announced a one-third increase in its rent.

"That settles it," was Larry's triumphant reaction. "The place isn't worth it. Now we'll have to move uptown."

"I'm not giving up," Mary said. "I'll go to see the owner himself, if I have to. It's ridiculous—but of course you can't make the estate agent see that."

"Who is the owner?" Catherine asked.

"Kenneth Paige."

"Ken Paige?" Catherine's voice took on interest. "I know him. He's a portrait painter too, you know. He did my aunt's portrait last year. Does he own this building?"

"Yes, and all the filthy tenements on Medley Square behind us," Mary said.

"Oh, then you must never go barging in on him," Catherine said in that tone as sweet as honey, as insolent as a slap in the face. "He couldn't be approached that way. But maybe I could help—"

Mary felt unreasoning fury. Was there no place Catherine could not step in with her superiority, her social contacts, and offer help which they could not refuse? "How would you manage it?" she asked.

"Indirectly, of course. I can find out when he goes to some place—like Club 16, say—and then be there, at the next table. He'll come over and I'll make sure I see him again. Then a chance will come to get in a word—"

"But we only have until the end of the week!" Mary exclaimed. "We should be opening now!"

"I think that will be ample time," Catherine said calmly.

Inwardly, Mary swore that this time she would not let Catherine over-ride her. Rather than submit to the delay involved in Catherine's "indirect" method, she herself would do as she had wanted to do at first—go to see Kenneth Paige. That afternoon she took a Fifth Avenue bus to his uptown home.

Two hours later she was on another bus, bound back to Greenwich Village. Once more, her way had failed.

Paige had been in his studio, painting; he couldn't be disturbed; the best she had been able to do was see his young sister, Sandra. And five minutes' conversation with Sandra Paige had proved to her that she could expect no help there. Such a lovely young thing, with auburn hair and the milky skin that goes with it! The two women had liked each other at once, but as Sandra explained, she knew nothing of business affairs, her brother handled them all. As they talked, Mary realized that the girl didn't even know most of her money came from filthy, rotten tenements, breeders of disease and misery. Sandra was a woman, not a child, but she had evidently been imprisoned in that marble mausoleum of a house, kept from every contact with reality.

Encouraged by the girl's simplicity, Mary had poured out her story—her desire to produce the play in the Greenwich Village theater, the raise in rent, her hope that Kenneth Paige would see its absurdity—and Sandra promised earnestly to speak to her brother. But now, on her way back downtown, Mary realized the futility of what she had done. Sandra was too young and inexperienced — her only hope would have been in seeing Paige himself.

SHE got off the bus and walked across Washington Square toward the theater. Deep in her thoughts, she did not at once hear sounds of excitement, terror, confusion. It took a siren to bring her up, staring. She ran, then. She thought her heart would burst before she could get there. The theater was such an old building, so rickety. Why had she tried to hold Larry there? Oh, if anything had happened to him—

But it was not the theater. It was the tenement behind the theater that lay now, a smoking ruin. Behind police lines crowds of people surged about it, people screaming and wailing, cursing or—worst of all—just staring, with grim faces. How many of them were waiting for the bodies of wives, husbands, children, to be brought out by the workmen who were struggling in that debris?

There was no time, that night, to talk of Mary's unsuccessful errand. No one slept. Gerald O'Brien, the young lawyer who had been in the theater talking to Larry when the fire began, stayed on through the night, working to help these homeless people, and enlisting Mary's support in his work. As they went from one angry, bewildered group to another, he talked to Mary, in brief, fierce phrases, of the injustice that allowed such firetraps to exist.

Toward dawn, Mary dragged herself to her hotel for a few hours' sleep, but she was up again and at the theater by noon. Larry too had worked late into the night, helping

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care for at least a few of the tenants in the theater itself.

But now the city had the situation in hand, and once more the theater was empty. Mary went directly to her office and plunged into the work that had accumulated in one day. It was an hour later that she looked up to see a sandy-haired man of arrogant height and bearing standing in front of her desk.

"I am Kenneth Paige," he said. "I understand from my sister that you wished to talk to me. In the future, incidentally, I must ask you not to burst into my home and disturb my sister's life."

Mary stared at him. The man must be crazy! "Can you stand there and talk of disturbing your sister's life when yesterday afternoon, even while I was seeing her, one of the filthy, overcrowded tenements you own collapsed and killed people!"

He flushed a painful red. "I assure you I regret that accident more than you can imagine. That's why I'm here today. But why I should discuss it with you I don't—"

ONE reason is that I spent most of last night trying to quiet the crazed mind of one of your tenants who lost his whole family in the crash. He is trying to find someone to kill for revenge," Mary said coolly.

Paige was silent a moment, his lips a thin line. "Nevertheless, I understood from my sister that it was about another matter you wished to see me," he said at last. In every word he was stiff, almost awkward.

"Yes," she said, "it was. I understand from your office that you wish to raise the rent on this theater—such a big raise that I must say it seems ridiculous to me, particularly when for a year we've been paying you every month for property you wouldn't have earned a cent from otherwise."

"It's a one-third increase, isn't it?" he asked broodingly.

"Yes, Mr. Paige."

"It may interest you to know that a motion picture chain has offered me much more than the amount I want you to pay."

"But you don't want to go to the expense of renovating for them!" Mary took him up quickly.

He smiled at that. "You are a good business woman," he complimented her. "That is exactly it."

"Just as you didn't want to go to the expense of renovating those tenements that burned down yesterday," she said bitterly.

"Wait a minute. Do you think that's a good way to talk when you're making a request?"

"No, I suppose not," she admitted. "Perhaps the atmosphere in this neighborhood is infectious."

"They think I'm pretty bad, eh?"

Mary nodded. "I wouldn't advise you to be seen down here if any more stories with pictures like this morning's come out in the tabloids."

"And you share their opinion?"

"I don't think you're really concerned with what I think of you, Mr. Paige."

"On the contrary, I'm finding this a novel and perhaps even enlightening experience. I beg you to continue in the same frank vein."

"All right," Mary said, "you asked for it. I think you are a very intelligent person who has persistently blinded himself to the needs and interests of everyone except himself.

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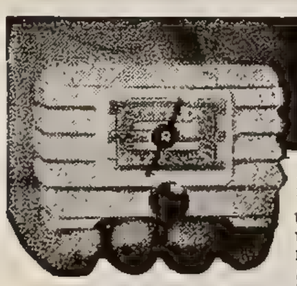

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That struck home. Mary could see his physical reaction. "What do you know of the pictures I paint?"

"I've taken the trouble to see some of them since I learned you were our landlord," Mary retorted. "And I hate them! It makes me furious to see waste, whether it's human lives in a rundown tenement or artistic talent that could be used to make something beautiful!"

Paige sat down for the first time. The cold mask of distant irony was gone, and he looked troubled. "I asked for it, as you said. But— Did you happen to know that I paint those pictures to keep my sister and myself alive? The income from the tenements is hardly enough to pay the taxes, and what is left is turned back into the estate which is held in trust until my sister comes of age."

"Oh—I'm sorry—" Mary began.

HE lifted a hand. "Don't be. I think you've done me a good turn. Are you willing to back up that rather left-handed compliment to my artistic talent?"

"What do you mean?"

. . . Afterwards, she wasn't quite sure how she had consented to such a strange proposal—that she should let him paint her portrait in exchange for a thirty-day extension of the present rental. "And then," he finished, "if I take one of the first three prizes with the picture at the Contemporary show next month, I'll give you the theater rent-free, for a year."

Yet consent she did. More than that, she did not tell Larry of her bargain; she told him only that Mr. Paige had consented to give them a month in which to get the play on and see how it went. It was easy not to tell Larry why; he showed no curiosity; and his flattering assumption that she had been able to succeed before Catherine had not even met Paige was comforting to her soul.

She was attracted to Paige. He was intensely masculine, in his taciturn way, and his open interest in her gave her a sense of importance that had been sorely lacking for the last month. since Catherine came into her life. Mary had enough honesty to realize this, and smile at the thrill that ran through her when Paige would glance up from his easel, let his eyes linger on her a moment longer than was, perhaps, necessary. More, by the third sitting she was seeing a gradual change in Paige himself. She was not too inexperienced to realize the influence she had on him, on his ideas and attitudes. Instinct told her that she had opened his eyes to the injustice of his treatment of Sandra, and to the deplorable condition of his slum property.

Then, one day, Catherine walked into Paige's studio.

He had been painting silently for half an hour when the studio door opened and they heard Sandra's voice. "Here's his lair. Now that you've made me break the rules you may as well go in and see it."

And then Sandra was coming in, and behind her Catherine, smiling her brilliant smile and speaking gaily. "And the artist at work. Why, who— No, it couldn't be! Mary!"

Angrily Mary realized that she was flushing, that she could think of nothing to say. Why was Catherine always able to put her in the wrong?

Of course, under Ken's angry stare, they didn't stay long. But the harm was done. Ken took up his brush again, only to lay it down after a few minutes. "I'm afraid it's no use. I don't feel up to any more, and you are completely out of the spirit of the pose."

"I'm sorry," Mary said.

"I am, too, I find it hurts me rather badly to see you worried. It's because you didn't tell your husband you were posing for me. Why didn't you, Mary?"

She said slowly, "I was afraid he wouldn't stay in the theater. And . . . for other reasons, too."

He didn't press her to tell him what they were. "Can I take you down to the theater?"

"Why—yes, thanks."

Downstairs, as they waited for his car to be brought around from the garage, he said suddenly: "Mary—you're not too happy these days, are you?"

Instinct told her to temporize—but then she looked into his eyes, saw their sincere gentleness, and she said frankly, "No, not very."

"It's that woman that came into the studio, isn't it? You're afraid of her—I could see fear in your face when you saw her. But Mary, you needn't fear anyone, ever. You have everything—except perhaps the knowledge of your own value. I think marriage has taken that away from you. You become too absorbed in your husband, his life, his career and needs, to remember your own worth."

He spoke with such earnestness that Mary could not help being carried along by his words. For an instant, Catherine seemed unimportant; she herself was the old Mary Noble, sure of herself, not fighting with every bit of strength in her body to preserve some shreds of self-respect and happiness from a wrecked marriage.

SHE smiled up at him. "Thank you, Ken. I'll remember that."

He drove her down crowded Fifth Avenue, through Washington Square and to the theater. Beside the alley which led to the stage door, she caught sight of Catherine's glistening car and thought wryly that she hadn't wasted much time.

A spirit of bravado, inspired perhaps by Ken Paige's words to her, made her turn to him. "Won't you come in for a minute? I think Mrs. Monroe is just about to inform my husband that I am sitting to you for my portrait—and if you don't mind I'd like to have you there."

"Of course," he agreed.

Head high, she walked beside him into the theater, through the dusty aisles to the office. Why should she be ashamed of sitting for Ken Paige? If it came to that, what right had Larry to expect to be told?

They were in the office, Catherine and Larry—and, in addition, Sandra Paige. Mary noted with pleasure that Ken merely looked surprised at seeing her there; once, she was sure, he would have been furious.

Catherine greeted them brightly. "I'm so terribly sorry—I didn't mean to interrupt—" She stopped, as if

aware all at once of Larry's tense silence. "Oh," she said, "how awful that sounded! I only meant interrupting Mr. Paige while he was painting Mary's picture."

"Picture, Mary?" Larry said sharply.

Mary's heart leaped with sudden delight. It couldn't be true—but it was! Larry was jealous! This was one time Catherine's plans had overreached themselves.

"Yes," she said easily. "It was to be a surprise for you. You see, Ken and I made a bet. If he wins a prize with my portrait at the Contemporary show next month, he'll give us the theater rent-free—"

"He will!" Larry's voice was acid with sarcasm. "Very nice, but it won't be necessary. Catherine has just told me that she's found a wonderful theater uptown. We're moving there, and opening the end of next week—because its rent is not a cent more than this barn here!" What does that do to your plans you had arranged so nicely for us?"

"No! You mustn't—" Mary began —and stopped. For she knew there was no reason, now, for not moving uptown. If it wouldn't cost any more. . . .

Larry's angry face, Catherine's triumphant one, swam before her eyes in a blur. She saw them turn to leave the office, and she was glad. If only Ken and Sandra would go too, so she could be alone with the knowledge that Catherine had won again. She waved a hand, vaguely, in dismissal. Just to be alone for a few minutes. . . .

BUT Sandra stayed behind. Guided by some woman's instinct, she sent Ken and Gerald out of the office after Larry and Catherine, and held Mary while the sick whirling blackness tried to drag her down. She was still there when after a few seconds Mary opened her eyes.

"What—what is it, Mary? You frightened me so. Are you—ill?"

Mary looked at the gray-blue eyes, enormous in the white face. But there was no reason to be frightened. That sudden, terrible giddiness had only crystallized into knowledge what she had suspected for several days. She smiled. "Neither very ill, Sandra, nor very—unusual—"

"Mary, it isn't—is it—"

"Yes," Mary said softly. "I guess it is. A baby."

"But, Mary—your husband doesn't know! He'd never dash off that way if he knew—"

Mary shook her head. "No. He wouldn't, of course. He doesn't know. And you've got to promise not to tell him."

"Oh, but Mary, he should know! Don't you see what a difference it would make?"

"That's just the point," Mary said, her eyes looking off into the distance. "I won't make that difference. I won't —use my baby that way. If he comes back it will be because he wants to. Otherwise, he'll *never* know!"

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Why Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres Can't Forget

Ever since Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres told themselves that it was all over between them insiders in Hollywood have predicted that divorce was inevitable. Yet Lew and Ginger are still man and wife even though for years they have occupied separate establishments. Why is it that they have never made official the severing of their legal ties? What is it that impels them, in spite of expectations, to still meet and dine together? What does the future hold?

To get you the answer to this riddle that has all Hollywood baffled, MOVIE MIRROR asked Ruth Waterbury, ace among the brilliant writers covering the film capital, to investigate and in the new October issue you will find the heart-warming record of what she discovered. Be sure to read her unforgettable explanation of "Why Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers Can't Forget," a story inspiring to every young wife and husband and to every one who has ever been in love or ever hopes to be!

Is George Brent Out of Love Again?

At least six women have contributed in greater or less degree a lasting influence in the life of George Brent. In the light of his unusually varied career abroad and in America this was inescapable. Recently his name has been mentioned in connection with a new romance. Is he really in love? Has he been in love? Will he and Bette Davis eventually marry? MOVIE MIRROR, reporting the situation for you in the new October issue, presents a story that will make it an issue long remembered by the friends of both George and Bette as well as by every one intrigued by romance. A story not to miss!

Would You Want Your Child To Be a Movie Star?

How about your child and a movie career? Would you really choose it if the opportunity came? Penny Singleton says yes but Joel McCrea does not agree. Every parent and prospective parent will find their reasons as presented under their own by-lines in MOVIE MIRROR for October informative and thought-provoking. Read what Penny and Joel have to say before making up your own mind definitely.

Also in This Issue

Dangerously Young, an exciting fiction serial—Wayne Morris' wife reveals a fascinating and endearing record of their first year of marriage—A pictorial life story of Ann Sothern—Hollywood Youth, how moral is it?—"The Women" have started something in the way of fashions—Opening chapters in the life story of Richard Greene—Letters Clark Gable dictated to his secretary—Reviews, departments, features.

OCTOBER

movie MIRROR

NOW ON SALE

Beauty's Smile

By
Dr. GRACE GREGORY

Donna Dae's lovely smile shows a glimpse of well-cared-for teeth.

A LOVELY smile, the kind that warms everyone's heart towards you, is first of all the expression of a gracious personality. But the loveliest smile in the world is spoiled if it reveals neglected teeth.

Are you sure you know how to brush your teeth? Brush with a gentle rolling or turning of the brush, laying the side of the bristles along the gum, and massaging always away from the gum, a sweeping-out motion. Never use a scrubbing motion except on the chewing surface of the teeth. And do not neglect the backs.

Have two toothbrushes, so that they can dry properly. Select as stiff a brush as your gums will stand (not too stiff if they are sensitive). Wash toothbrushes after using, and get new ones every month or so.

Dainty little Miss Donna Dae sees to it that when her pretty lips part to smile or sing for you on Pleasure Time, Fred Waring's program, Monday through Friday, NBC, you have a glimpse of well cared for teeth.

Donna Dae considers herself a veteran radio star. She has been a featured favorite for eight years or more. Which, when you consider that she is still in her teens, is a believe-it-or-not. Her father was the leader of a band, of which Donna's mother was the pianist. Donna took her naps parked in a basket behind her mother's piano, and practically cut her teeth on a baton. She was featured as the "Ten-Year-Old Sweetheart of Radio." Then Slats Randall's Orchestra needed a soloist. They put a long dress on Donna, gave her a sophisticated hair-do, and at the age of twelve she stepped before the public as the singing star of an orchestra. She was the hit of College Inn in Chicago when Fred Waring heard her, and captured her for his Pleasure Time broadcast over NBC.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

There are three requisites for maintaining beautiful, healthy teeth. The first is proper diet. Plenty of foods rich in calcium, minerals, and vitamins (milk and sea foods especially), and not too much acid-forming sweets and starches. The saliva is normally slightly acid, but excessive acidity injures tooth enamel. The second requisite is proper dental care. See your dentist at least every six months so that he can check trouble right away.

The third requisite, as your dentist will tell you, is mouth hygiene. Select a dentifrice that you like, and use it. Plenty of it. Twice a day at least. Oftener when possible.

The choice of a dentifrice is literally a matter of taste. Of course you will avoid dentifrices that contain irritating ingredients. But the American Dental Association sees to it that there are few such on the market.

There are many excellent tooth pastes and tooth powders from which to choose. Now there is a new liquid dentifrice that is becoming very popular. It is certainly worth trying, because it does leave your mouth feeling delightfully refreshed.

There used to be a popular notion that salt made a good dentifrice. That is a mistake. Salt is too irritating and harsh and it lacks the soothing, cleansing, and disinfectant ingredients of the best dentifrices. Your teeth are important—give them the best.

Glorify Your Bath

THE French have a word for it: soigné—cared for. That's how a good bath talcum makes you feel. The daily tub is glorified from a necessity to a luxury. A generous dusting of talc gives a velvet quality to the skin, and a subtle fragrance. Once you become accustomed to it you feel rather raw without it. It blends the rest of the body into the carefully powdered face and neck. Of course you will find the men of the family appropriating your favorite talc for after shaving. But why not? A good homemaker provides a completely equipped bathroom, and a judiciously selected bath talcum is part of it.

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.D.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 88 for the answers.

1. **Haughtilly—haughtily—hautily.** In a disdainful, scornful manner.

2. **Purported—proported—perported.** Conveyed, implied or professed outwardly as one's (especially a thing's) meaning, intention, or true character.

3. **Accrueal—accruel—accrual.** That which comes by way of increase or advantage.

4. **Portmanteau—portmantau—portmanto.** A traveling bag or case.

5. **Bulfinch—bullfinch—bullfench.** A large, handsome bird allied to the cardinal.

6. **Bobalink—bobbolink—bobolink.** A common American songbird noted for its delightful rollicking song.

7. **Tern—terne—turn.** A gull-like bird smaller than the *true* gull.

8. **Tanagear—tanager—tannager.** Any of numerous American birds, as the "scarlet tanager."

9. **Poignency—poiniency—poignancy.** Quality or state of being penetratingly sharp or keen; pungency.

10. **Truculant—truculent—trucculent.** Feeling or evincing savage or barbarous ferocity; cruel.

11. **Easels—easles—easals.** Frames to hold canvasses upright for the painters' convenience, or for exhibition.

12. **Nucliuses—nucleuses—nucleusses.** Central masses, parts, or points, about which matter is gathered or concentrated; cores.

13. **Corrugators—corrugaters—corugators.** 1. Implements for furrowing land for irrigation. 2. Anatomy: Muscles that contract the skin into wrinkles.

14. **Mean—mien—mein.** Air; manner; bearing.

15. **Jugglery—juglery—juggelery.** Art or act of a juggler.

16. **Unacceptable—unexceptable—unacceptible.** Not pleasing or welcome.

17. **Amannuensis—emanuencis—amanuensis.** A secretary.

18. **Suaree—soiree—swaree.** An evening party.

19. **Olianders—oleandars—oleanders.** Handsome evergreen shrubs having clusters of fragrant white to red flowers.

20. **Tascitly—tacitly—tesitley.** Done or made silently; wordlessly.

SWEET ASSURANCE FROM YOUR MAN—

Neglected Hands often Look Older—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take Steps that Help Prevent This!

ANNE'S pretty hands were getting unattractively harsher and coarser. Sun, weather and water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin, you know.

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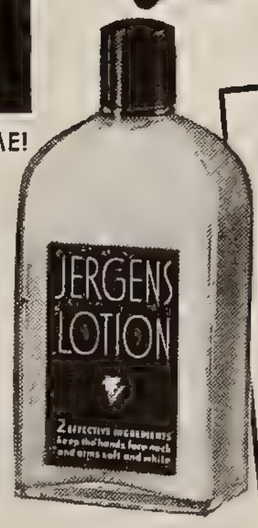

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DRESSING UP AN OLD FAVORITE

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

FOR those first crisp days of Autumn nothing is so tempting as a casserole dish served piping hot, straight from the oven. And no casserole recipe can beat the one that uses canned spaghetti as a base. Rich with tomato sauce and cheese and condiments its aroma announces an epicurean treat even before the dish reaches the table; enhanced by special seasoning secrets of your own which give it additional zest it will rate top spot on your family's list of favorites.

Alice Frost, star of CBS's Big Sister, who is a devotee of New Orleans cookery, relies on canned spaghetti to achieve the authentic Creole dishes she delights in and to her we are indebted for recipes for Spaghetti Creole and Gumbo Filé.

Spaghetti Creole is the dish for Alice Frost of the CBS Big Sister serial—and why not? She's from the South.

Spaghetti Creole

1 cup chopped onions
3 tbls. butter or margarine
2 tsps. celery salt
1 tsp. sugar, cinnamon, ginger
¼ tsp. cloves
Few grains cayenne
1 cup beef consomme
1 cup mushroom caps
2 cans spaghetti
2 tsps. gumbo filé powder
Parsley

Lightly brown the onion in the butter. Add dry seasonings and consomme and simmer for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add the mushrooms and simmer for five minutes more. Mix thoroughly with the canned spaghetti, turn into a buttered casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until golden brown, about twenty-five minutes. Remove from oven, sprinkle with gumbo filé powder and garnish with parsley as in the picture above. This recipe is sufficient for six servings.

Gumbo Filé

1 jar (3½ oz.) dried beef
½ cup minced onion
3 tbls. butter or margarine
2 tbls. flour
½ tsp. dry mustard
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 cup milk
1 small jar pimiento
⅓ cup chopped sweet pickle
2 cans spaghetti
½ cup buttered bread crumbs
2 tsps. gumbo filé powder

Lightly brown the dried beef and onions in the butter. Combine flour, mustard and pepper and stir into the beef and onions. Add milk gradually and cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Add chopped pimiento and pickles. Place alternate layers of beef mixture and spaghetti in a buttered casserole, top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until brown (about twenty-five minutes). Just before serving, sprinkle with gumbo filé powder. Serves six.

The gumbo filé powder used in these recipes is a blend of the leaves of swamp sassafras and other condiments used in Creole cookery.

Flavor as you Cook

NO matter how many expensive ingredients, how much time and care go into the preparation of a meal we all know that unless the final flavor is just right the meal is not a success. Flavor as you cook, of course, is a basic rule; but don't forget the many sauces and condiments which, served at the table, enable each person to season his food according to his individual preference. Served "as is," these bottled sauces and dressings are unequalled for excellent flavor, but for variety's sake try combining a number of them. Here are some suggestions:

For cold fish (crab, lobster, shrimps, etc.): To two tablespoons prepared mayonnaise add two teaspoons sherry wine or wine vinegar, one teaspoon curry powder and some lime juice.

For steak: To two tablespoons creamed butter add one tablespoon prepared mustard or Worcestershire sauce. Spread on steak before serving.

For cold ham: Blend together equal portions whipped cream and horseradish sauce and add a few grains of powdered cloves.

For broiled ham: Combine equal quantities prepared mustard and brown sugar. Spread on ham just before serving.

For cold roast beef: Combine equal portions Worcestershire sauce or Chile sauce and horseradish sauce.

Meet the Bumsteads!

Blondie

(*Continued from page* 22)

I could give it to my mother for a present."

She won the $5.00.

Penny is one of the most genuinely friendly souls in all Hollywood. You may meet as strangers but five minutes later she is telling you all about her little joys and problems and coaxing you to tell her about yours. She bubbles with happiness and contentment as unconsciously as a puppy wags his tail. You *know* her life which is bounded by Scroggs, her four-year-old daughter Dee Gee (for Dorothy Grace), a simple home near the ocean, and her screen and new radio work is just one big bundle of Fun. God is in His Heaven and all distinctly is right with the Singleton world.

Except, maybe, for the windows. There are too many of them in the Singleton Cape Cod type house. She discovered it, she said, when she undertook to wash them all single-handed. Finally she had to call for outside help to the tune of thirty-five cents an hour.

"IT'S things like that which keep getting my budget all mixed up," she mourned. "I just can't seem to make it work although it looks fine on paper."

Penny is neighborly too, which takes a bit of managing in Hollywood where you usually don't even know the name of the family living next door. She belongs to sewing circles and district women's clubs and exchanges recipes and home-made cough cures. She minds Mrs. Brown's little Josephine when Mrs. Brown has to go shopping and asks Mrs. Smith's advice about what to do for moths. She was concerned deeply over the neighbors' reactions when she had to have her naturally dark brown hair bleached blonde in conformance with the character of Blondie, being loathe to win their disapproval.

"A funny thing happened about that too," she said. "One of the women called me up to tell me she'd seen Scroggs out with a beautiful blonde the night before. I was all set to give him a piece of my mind until I suddenly realized it was *me* he'd been out with that night!"

Penny is convinced that being a blonde has given her a new glamour. At least she feels gayer and snappier than as a brunette, she said, and not so much run-of-the-mill with nothing to make her stand out. And it has given her a new confidence in herself.

At heart Penny is a small-town young matron, which is unusual in the light of her background. Born in Philadelphia, she became a Broadway favorite while in her early teens, starring as a singer and dancer in numerous musical comedies. (Although few people yet know of it, Penny has a voice of operatic calibre which may surprise the world some day soon.) Her life naturally was lived in tune with the Broadway code which rarely includes much normal home life. A personal sorrow led her to desert the stage at the peak of her success in such productions as "Good News," "Follow Through" and "Hey Nonny Nonny."

The theater was in her blood, however, and she again picked up her career in Hollywood, still as Dorothy McNulty and still a brunette. After a brilliant start in "After the Thin Man" she experienced a series of ups and downs, some of her own making and some of Fate's. She was in the midst of one of the down spells when she won the Blondie role. She did not know what the role was, incidentally, when her agent sent her on the interview with the studio's casting director.

"As usual, I started gabbing about my new home and Scroggs and showing the man pictures of Dee Gee which I had in my purse," Penny said. "First thing I knew, the man said he was sure I was Blondie come to life! Was I surprised! And there that very morning I'd been in the midst of house cleaning and had the beds all moved over to one side and my hair tied up in a bandana when the call came!"

The instantaneous success of the first Blondie picture led the studio to decide to do a regular series. Each successive picture gained more fans. Then came the radio offer. The present plans call for the serial to continue through next winter. It also is predicted that Blondie will be the first television serial.

Comparatively speaking, Penny is new to radio. She has appeared five times in the past in guest spots on the Kraft, Bob Hope, Hollywood Hotel and Tommy Riggs shows. But new fields to conquer never worry her, being a natural born optimist about everything. She went on a recent personal appearance tour, for example, intending to do two shows "if the public would stand for that much." At the end of five days she had made exactly twenty-eight appearances! And had bookings for twice that many offered. As a stump-speaker, hand-shaker, baby-kisser, she put an old-fashioned ward healer to shame.

NO story paints the true picture of Penny Singleton as vividly as the one of the unexpected encounter with the touring fans. That also happened on the day she decided to wash the windows. She was leaning out one of the front ones, huffing and puffing at her work, when an Iowa car drove up in front of the house. Four women and three children got out and walked up the path.

"Does Penny Singleton live here?" one of the women asked Penny.

"Yes, she does," Penny answered.

"Is she home now? We'd love to meet her," the woman went on.

Penny glanced quickly at her work-soiled housedress, all too conscious that she looked anything but a glamorous movie and radio star.

"I'm sorry, but Miss Singleton just went out," she said. "She will be sorry to have missed you."

Disappointed, the party went back to the car and was preparing to drive off when Penny came running down the path.

"That was a fib I told you," she said contritely. "I'm Penny. I just didn't want you to see me looking so awful. Come on in and have a cup of tea."

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OCTOBER **Song Hits**

brings you ALL the Newest Lyrics

Newest Song Hits, also those from the latest movies, and Broadway revues, the lyrics everybody's singing—published in the new October issue of SONG HITS. This issue is just chock full of dozens of the very latest hits, including Songs from "THE WIZARD OF OZ" 'MAN ABOUT TOWN", "ISLAND OF LOST MEN", "STOP, LOOK AND LOVE", "STREETS OF PARIS", and others. Also articles with photographs on the famous "HILDEGARDE", "CHARLEY BARNETT", and other interesting features. Go to your nearest newsstand or 5c and 10c counter—buy the October Song Hits magazine, but be sure you get the orange and black cover with portrait of Kate Smith. Tear off bottom line on Page 3, print your name and address below and mail to publisher and you will receive by mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE — your copy of "400 Songs to Remember" containing over 400 famous songs. If your dealer is out of stock, send 10c to SONG HITS, 1 East 42nd Street, New York, for the October issue and your free copy of "400 Songs to Remember".

WARNING: Song Hits is the ONLY magazine that publishes correct lyrics by permission of copyright owners.

October **ISSUE ON NEWSSTANDS NOW**

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 297, Jefferson, Iowa

Meet the Bumsteads!

Dagwood

(*Continued from page 23*)

Blondie and father of Baby Dumpling, or whether Artie Lake subconsciously has acquired the mannerisms and foibles of Dagwood from playing him on the screen and radio is a moot question. The net result, however, remains the same; Dagwood and Artie are as alike as two peas in a pod.

Physically, mentally and emotionally, they are counter parts. Artie's face is young and happy, unmarked by lines of worry or care. Trouble drifts off him like flour through a sieve. He is awkward with the self-consciousness of youth and content to wear the first thing handy to his reach.

DESPITE appearances of a scatter brain, Artie has a mind which functions well when he takes the trouble to use it. Several years ago, for instance, he wrote a number of acceptable stories and saw two of them made into motion pictures. Emotionally sensitive, he broke into genuine tears when a scene in which Baby Dumpling was kidnaped was being filmed.

No one in Hollywood knows exactly how old Artie is and Artie slyly sees to it that no one finds out, not because he fears being tagged by a calendar but because he has so much fun hearing people make such widely varying guesses. He started playing the How Old Is Artie game, he said, when he was a shaver riding free or half-fare on theatrical tours with his parents. He looks twenty-five or younger and acts it, but with that guess must be squared the fact he seriously began his movie career in 1924 and starred in the "Sweet Sixteen" comedies for five years.

His career in those fifteen years to the present has been one of ups and downs, of brilliant success and heartbreaking failure. Fired out of the movies in 1931 when RKO's new studio heads reorganized the studio, he was idle a year before trying his wings in vaudeville. On the bill with him in a small Long Beach theater, he remembers, was a young man billed in the small type accorded a break-in act. The young man was a ventriloquist named Edgar Bergen who today is one of his best friends. After he had exhausted the circuit (the vaudeville houses, he discovered, had an annoying habit of closing their doors in those economically dark days) Artie tackled radio as a serious means of earning a livelihood.

Prior to that time he had made a few guest appearances on various shows but they had not amounted to much more than five minute comedy sketches. With his sister Florence, he was starred next in an NBC serial called "Babes in Hollywood" which ran for eighty-five consecutive appearances.

Once more came a slump, this time the most serious of all. He was about to give up the ghost when he was cast as Dagwood in the Blondie pictures which currently are being transferred to the air. Once again everything is rosy on the Lake horizon.

Artie was born in Corbin, Kentucky, and had two childhood ambitions—to be a lion tamer in a red coat and shiny black boots or a bass drummer. He still likes to fiddle around with a pair of drumsticks and a hot rhythm. Aside from that and jitterbug dancing, he has no particular hobbies except swimming at which he excels. He likewise has no particular goal in life, he says, preferring to tackle each day as it comes and hope for the best. He also admits to a flagrant inability to save any money whatsoever, chiefly because he so thoroughly enjoys spending it. That he will never be a wealthy man bothers him not at all; luxury has no particular appeal. Give him his wife, his modest bungalow in Santa Monica, an ocean to swim in and a fair amount of work to do and he's satisfied.

Not that he has never tasted the sweets of luxury in his lifetime as well as those impoverished days when the Silverlake family bankroll was crowding the zero mark. Together with Pat, who is a niece of Marion Davies, he was a member of the party William Randolph Hearst took on a six-months luxury cruise of Europe aboard his palatial yacht in 1936. More, he was married to Pat amidst the medieval splendor of Hearst's famous San Simeon ranch in northern California.

I REMEMBER that occasion for three good reasons," he said. "I was so scared my knees were shaking like castanets. My swank cutaway suit did not quite fit me here and there. And I committed the sartorial error of tieing my stock tie in a way that's never been duplicated before or since. I just wasn't up to all that style."

Artie likes living in the small beach town of Santa Monica. He likes to chin with the fellows at the corner grocery store and doesn't mind carrying Pat's bundles when they go shopping on Saturday afternoon.

He is convinced that producers will never let him grow up on the screen or in radio roles until he is an old man with a long gray beard. That being so, his one aim is to make the juvenile characters he plays believable no matter how silly the lines he is called upon to speak or how crazy the gags he is asked to do seem to him. The biggest thrill of his life, he said, came that afternoon in 1934 when he auditioned for a radio show for Standard Oil in San Francisco. He didn't get the job but was walking on clouds for days anyway at the mere thought of the big hand and everything that would have been behind him.

"Can you imagine!" he said in awe. "Gosh!"

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Haughtily. 2. Purported. 3. Accrual. 4. Portmanteau. 5. Bullfinch. 6. Bobolink. 7. Tern. 8. Tanager. 9. Poignancy. 10. Truculent. 11. Easels. 12. Nucleuses. 13. Corrugators. 14. Mien. 15. Jugglery. 16. Unacceptable. 17. Amanuensis. 18. Soiree. 19. Oleanders. 20. Tacitly.

IS TONIGHT THE NIGHT?

Is tonight the night that Your Lips may or may not win You happiness and fortune?

WHILE THE CLOCK TICKS off the minutes between now and eight tonight . . . *consider your lips!* Take them seriously NOW, so that *tonight* you'll be sure their charm suggests (*to him*) an eternity of sweet adventure. If they do (tonight) he'll be impatient to claim you for his own . . . tonight!

"But how," you ask, "are lips made so enticing? What can I do that I have not already done to make them lovely?"

The answer is, make them *more* than lovely; make them up with a lipstick into which are blended "*excitement*" and "*desire.*" Exotic color . . . thrilling softness . . . satin smoothness; these are the precious ingredients of "excitement" and "desire"—and, they're also the ingredients of every lipstick that wears the name Princess Pat next its heart. For instance . . .

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